This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

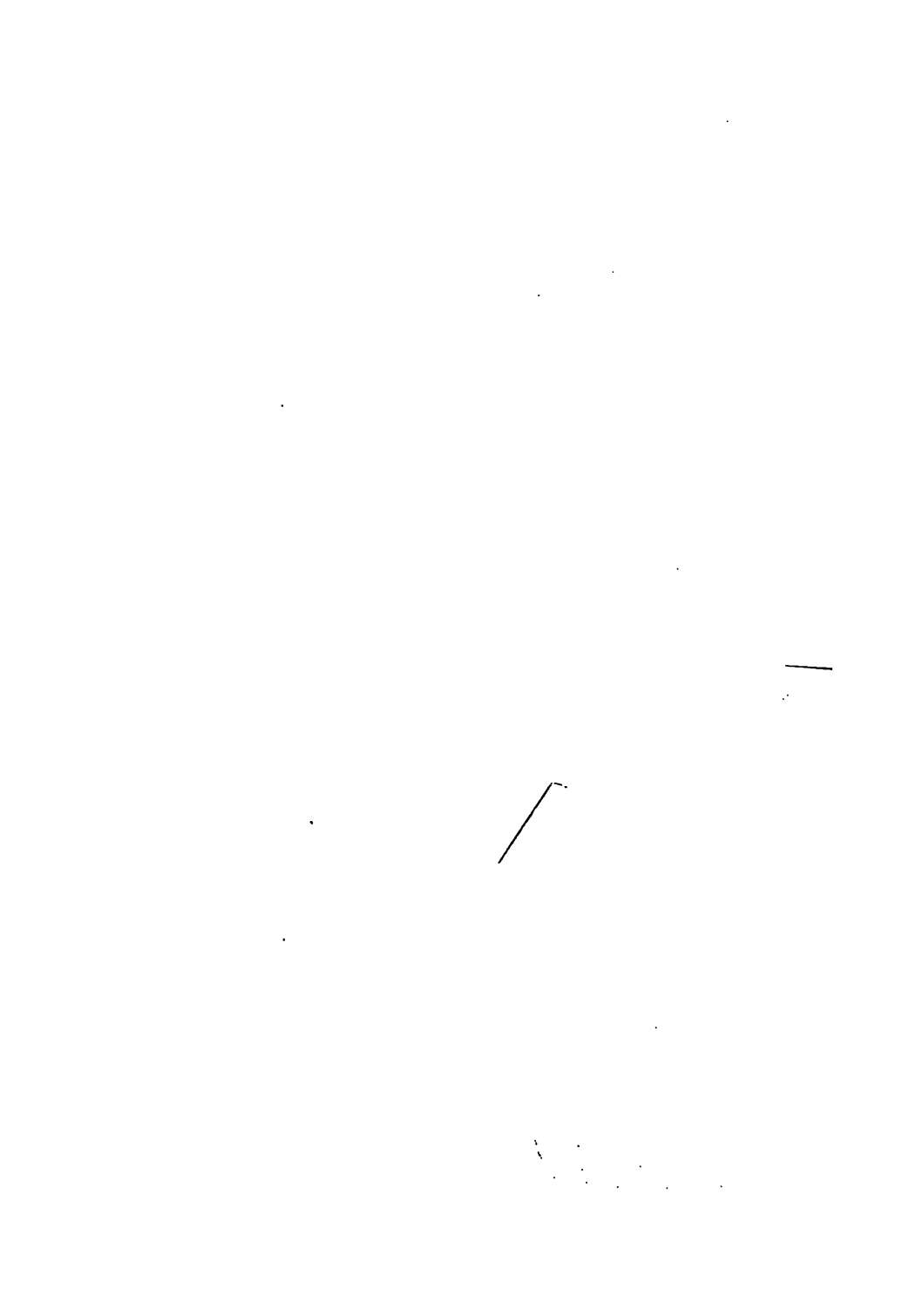
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07607603 7

1. Fictitious Americanism.



1, Flächen, Abmessungen,

# THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

SHE SMILED, AND HELD HIS EYES WITH HERS

# The Men on Horseback

By

Blanche Weitbrec

Illustrations by

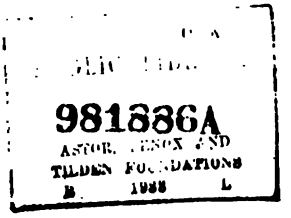
Corinne Turner

New York

Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

Publishers

LC 1911 D




Copyright, 1911
By DESMOND FITZGERALD, INC.
*All Rights Reserved*

# FOREWORD

ONE day a lone and unprotected maiden walked into the office of the New York Police Commissioner and astonished him by making a singular request: she wanted to borrow a policeman.

The Commissioner was a cool and wise official, so he did not show his astonishment. Also, he was a gentleman; and his visitor was most courteously received.

It developed that the lady was an artist, and that she lived after the manner of her kind in a studio near Central Park, and there shared her joys and sorrows with another lady of the same profession; and the two wanted to borrow a policeman for a model to paint from.

WOR 19 FEB 36

Now the Commissioner possessed that blessed gift, a sense of humor: and he laughed. The lady laughed also; and the busiest man

in New York City leaned back in his chair and talked like a human being without a care in the world. The upshot of the matter was that the artist-lady and her chum were taken under the wing of the Traffic Commissioner the following morning and exhibited to the Mounted Traffic Squad at the stables in East Thirty-second Street.

The historic Babes in the forest primeval were not more frightened and bewildered than were those artist-ladies, lost in that memorable forest of brass buttons, boots, and spurs. Have you ever tried to pick the handsomest man from seventy-five specimens of the species? The artist-ladies wandered up and down in great perplexity; and when at last the victim was chosen, and the Blotter inscribed with the mystic words which bound him to duty in the studio of T. and W. for certain days, they made their escape filled with deep thankfulness.

Well, the pictures were painted and the model immortalized; and because of all this, which is really and truly so, it came about

that, as the days and weeks and months went by, the artist-ladies grew to know The Men On Horseback.

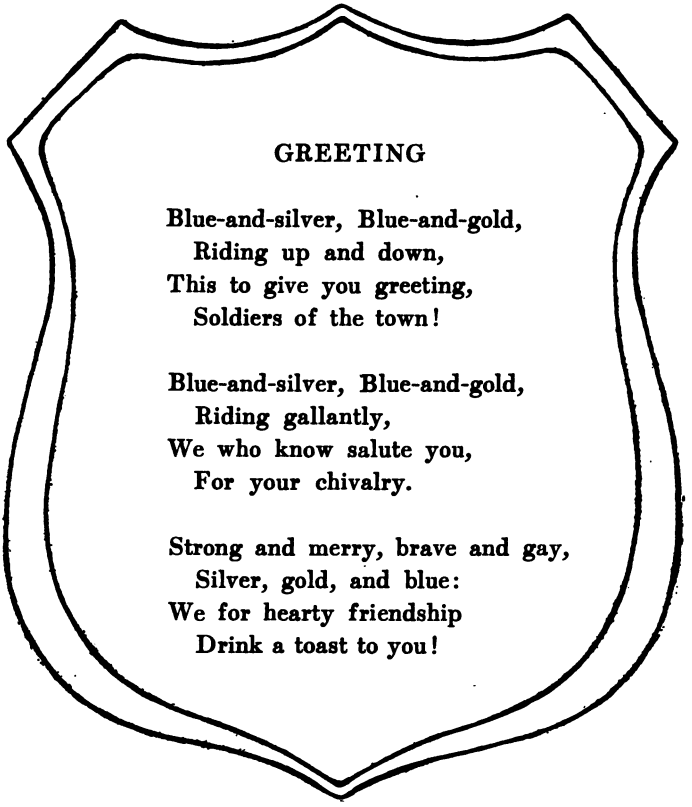
The warming days of summer brought adventures in the Park, when, having again appealed to the Powers, the artists descended on the Sheepfold, and in the shelter of its sacred precincts painted imposing canvases of men and horses, reveling in brass buttons and spurs to their hearts' content.

And after mature deliberation, these artist-ladies decided that The Men On Horseback should be chronicled in song and story, because they are brave and chivalrous and beautiful to look upon; so they made a book, and filled it with pictures and verses, to show you what The Men On Horseback are like.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| The Mounted Traffic Man | 1 |
| Pilgrim Stranger | 3 |
| Ballad of His Lady | 23 |
| "Sister" | 25 |
| Song of the Reveillé | 41 |
| A Matter of Discipline | 43 |
| Rondel of Action | 65 |
| His Brother's Keeper | 67 |
| "Soldier Daring" | 103 |
| The Point of View | 105 |
| Ballad of Boots and Spurs | 121 |
| "Love o' Woman" | 123 |
| Ballad of Out Doors | 139 |
| The Primeval Pitfall | 141 |
| Rhyme of the Man on the Job | 157 |
| The Least of These | 159 |
| "Six O'Clock by the Tower" | 187 |
| Pawns | 189 |
| Rondel of the Young Man | 211 |
| The Stronger Faith | 213 |
| L'Envoi | 236 |

# THE MEN ON HORSEBACK



## GREETING

Blue-and-silver, Blue-and-gold,
  Riding up and down,
This to give you greeting,
  Soldiers of the town!

Blue-and-silver, Blue-and-gold,
  Riding gallantly,
We who know salute you,
  For your chivalry.

Strong and merry, brave and gay,
  Silver, gold, and blue:
We for hearty friendship
  Drink a toast to you!

## THE MOUNTED TRAFFIC MAN

Have you seen him on the Avenue—the Mounted Traffic Man?
Have you seen him with his uniform a-glitter in the sun?
From his military cap to his spurs he's spick and span:
He has eighteen golden buttons, for I've counted every one!

Have you seen him on the Avenue—the Mounted Traffic Cop?
Decorative, proud, majestic, with his shield upon his chest?
He lifts a warning finger and the reckless drivers stop:
He jerks his head or beckons and the public does the rest!

Have you seen him on the Avenue—the ornamental Knight,
Riding slowly in the turmoil of the countless flashing wheels?
He's ready for a runaway, a riot, or a fight:
He's on the job eternally, alert from head to heels.

## THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

O pride of Little Old New York—the Mounted Traffic Man!
Have you seen him on the Avenue, his buttons on his chest?
The healthy, handsome fellow with his blue eyes and his tan—
Who does not love a soldier-boy in gold and silver dressed?

# The Men on Horseback

## PILGRIM STRANGER

PILGRIM STRANGER was a traffic-horse in Troop C. He had a saucy head and saucy manners, and his master took it upon himself to keep his mane and tail crimped and his hoofs wonderfully shined, so that he looked like the horse the fairy prince rides in the story-books.

His master looked rather like the fairy prince, if one could disregard previously conceived ideas and see that historic individual shorn of flowing golden curls and embroidered jerkin, and wearing instead a smart blue uniform and a close-cropped head of brown hair. The face under the visored cap was good to look upon and the body inside the blue uniform was a broad-shouldered, slim-waisted affair also highly satisfactory. The name of

the fairy prince was Randall, and his other name was Harry.

Pilgrim Stranger was comparatively new to the business. When he arrived at the traffic-stables, snorting and indignant, one hot summer day, Officer Randall fell in love with him.

"He knows as well as anyone that it's seven hundred and fifty-six in the shade and a cop ought to be relieved from duty," he said as he rubbed the animal's broad forehead and pinched his velvet nose. "Look at his eyes! Ain't they handsome? Why, he's got as much sense as a man—more than some men, I'll bet! Bless his heart!"

Just then Pilgrim Stranger lit out with his right hind foot and caught Sergeant Art Smith, who happened to be passing, in the leg. Harry's enthusiasm increased. "He's got a regular grouch," he exclaimed admiringly. "You can see the chip he's carrying. I dare anyone to knock it off!"

Then he went down to the office and begged for Pilgrim Stranger. His own horse had been killed in an accident some months be-

fore, and he was riding Old Frank, a privileged pet of the inspector's. Lieutenant Johnson assigned him Pilgrim Stranger willingly enough and he took his new possession out that afternoon, content for the first time since the death of poor Brutus.

In less than a week Pilgrim's fame spread over the entire island of Manhattan, and filtered into Brooklyn, where Troop D were thanking their stars he hadn't been sent to them. The second day of his appointment he bit a hostler, stepped on the sacred toes of Lieutenant Johnson, and squeezed his master against the side of his stall. Harry considered the hostler's misfortune a joke, and the damaged toes of Lieutenant Johnson did not weigh upon his conscience; but the third offense was altogether a different matter, and resulted in a flogging administered to the offender with a rawhide. Pilgrim was somewhat astonished by this unexpected and entirely novel experience, and took the punishment like a lamb. When it was over he snuggled his head under the man's arm, and

sighed. Then Harry pulled his ears and talked to him, and they were friends from that moment.

During several days following, Harry was kept busy defending the little horse against the attacks of his enemies. He looked with no favor upon any other member of the squad; and men naturally object to being kicked and stepped on. Lieutenant Johnson was for sending him back to Flushing with the compliments of Traffic C and B; but Harry became so tragically mournful at the suggestion that he relented.

Pilgrim certainly possessed the fatal gift of beauty. He was a poem of line and form, and his coat shone like fine brown satin. His mane was a good twelve inches long, and his tail fell almost to the ground. Harry fussed over that mane and tail every morning and scolded the hostlers regularly about his grooming. When he pranced down the Avenue, arching his neck and lifting his feet as if the ground was red hot, people stared and pointed. If Harry was tempted to show off

occasionally, it didn't take much to bring Pilgrim to his hind legs doing fancy steps. He was so quick to learn that a systematic course of education was decided upon; and, under the personal tuition of his master, and the patient coaching of the squad, he learned to shake hands, to beg, to play dead, to dance, and to say his prayers. Because of his accomplishments he achieved a certain popularity; but admiration stopped within five or six feet of him. He was applauded at a respectful distance, and commonly referred to as "The d——d Imp."

His behavior on the streets, however, was as a rule fairly commendable. He abhorred an ambulance, and snorted with anger when one passed him, but he kept his heels to himself, and only laid his ears back if some kind pedestrian attempted to strike up an acquaintance. He was disciplined in this point when one day he snapped at a pretty girl who offered him sugar. Harry was on the animal's back at the time, and he struck him across the ears with the reins and jammed

the spurs into him. Pilgrim understood, and thereafter on similar occasions confined himself to looking as disagreeable as possible.

Sometimes if his spirits threatened explosion, Harry would ride into a side street for a few minutes and let him prance and kick and work off his grouch harmlessly. An audience usually collected to view these exhibitions, and one day Officer Randall almost got into trouble, but the incident ultimately resulted in Pilgrim's everlasting fame. The capricious beast, in process of sloughing his bad humor, was the center of a fascinated group of open-mouthed citizens, and when the excitement was at its height, an automobile pulled up behind the performers and a quiet voice remarked: "A pretty sight, Randall, but don't you think you ought to be on post?" —and Harry wheeled the horse to face the Traffic Commissioner.

"What on earth are you doing? Training for the circus?" The sarcasm created a wave of merriment in the crowd, and Harry blushed painfully.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, meekly. "I have to let him take it out this way or he'd make trouble. He gets grouchy, and he just wants to scold a bit. Like a man throws the stove lifter at his wife, you know."

The Commissioner's mouth twitched. "So that's it, is it?" He looked the young man over keenly. "I wondered if you were charging admission."

Just then Pilgrim stood on one leg, pirouetted, snorted, came down on his fore-feet, rose on his hind-feet, pawed the air a few times, and eyed the Commissioner indignantly. That gentleman gasped. "Is this a fair sample of his temper?" he demanded.

Harry grinned. "Oh, no, sir! That was done expressly for your benefit. He wants to make an impression on his superior."

The superior frowned; then laughed in spite of himself. "You impudent young scamp," he said. "I suppose he sings and dances and plays bridge, doesn't he?"

"He doesn't sing without his notes," replied Harry, gravely. "And I haven't a

pack of cards handy, but I'll make him dance for you."

"Is this what the city pays for? All right —go ahead."

So Pilgrim danced his prettiest, while the Commissioner watched, and Harry went back on post congratulating himself at having escaped a reprimand. The Commissioner shook his head over the breach of discipline, but

smiled several times during the afternoon as he thought of the gallant pair.

Months of service smoothed down Pilgrim's disposition to some extent, but his cleverness continued unchanged, and Harry claimed that should the need arise, he could handle traffic unaided, as well as any cop on the force. In this there was some exaggeration, no doubt; at any rate his ability in that line was never demonstrated, and his talents did not rouse quite the enthusiasm which his master considered due him as the best educated horse in the department. Such a genius, however, could not forever remain in obscurity. His day of triumph came. It finished with what might have been a tragedy, but all's well that ends well, and Pilgrim and his rider still gladden the eyes of the populace, on view at any time if one knows where to find them.

Early in the spring, New York was favored with a visit from an Oriental prince, and the city officials handed over the keys of the Metropolis and entertained him royally. He was met at the dock by an escort of mounted

police, given the best suite in the Waldorf Astoria; wined, dined, and garlanded, and daily attended by songs and shoutings. He was rushed about the streets in autos, hauled through the galleries of the various museums, and otherwise burdened with hospitality, but he seemed to thoroughly enjoy it all. His police escort—which was with him constantly—was of so much interest to him that the Commissioner arranged a drill for his delectation, in which the entire cavalry took part.

The scene of action was the Central Park sheep-pasture, and it was what might be termed an invitation affair; the audience consisting simply of the distinguished visitor and his retinue, the Mayor, the Police Commissioner and his deputies, and a few other important personages. The general public was not notified, but certain of the common herd, who happened to be passing through the Park at the time, witnessed a most effective and elaborate spectacle.

It was a perfect day—a gray-green misty morning, with the dew thick on the grass and

dropping from every leaf. The horses pricked their ears and sniffed, tossing their heads and capering in sheer delight as they were ridden to and fro over the yielding turf. The police-band played inspiringly; there were banners and flags and pennants and the voices of trumpets; there was flashing of gilt and silver and the gleam of scores of polished batons as the lines of erect blue figures drew up in salute before the prince.

Harry, mounted of course on Pilgrim Stranger, was at the end of the front rank next to the sergeant color-bearer. Pilgrim watched the waving banner from the corner of his eye and showed his disapproval of it now and then by standing on his hind legs and snorting. Harry spurred him sharply and held him hard, but the discipline seemed to have small effect. Pilgrim pawed and fussed and laid his ears back, looking vicious. The Traffic Commissioner, sitting in the machine beside the guest of honor, smiled as the latter leaned forward, pointing.

"That's the department's famous circus-

pony, your Highness," he said. " Would you like to see him perform? "

The prince was delighted, and Harry was thereupon called out.

" Randall, can you show us how Pilgrim dances? Put your training to some good account and entertain our guests. It may relieve the brute's feelings: he seems to be developing one of those ' grouches.' "

Harry made a rather futile attempt to conceal his pride and satisfaction as he saluted and backed his mount into position. The band took the cue and struck up the " Traffic Quickstep," and Pilgrim went through his part with the ease and grace of a born artist. Then his master dismounted, and the little horse shook hands with his master, said his prayers and played dead, though the last number was rendered under protest. The prince applauded, laughing with pleasure, and Harry, at a sign from the Commissioner, remounted and repeated the dance.

But the excitement was too much for Pilgrim: he began to introduce a few fancy

HE DANCED ON TWO LEGS, CHAMPING AND FROTHING

steps of his own, and Harry tightened the curb as he felt the animal quiver under him. Just as they passed the color-bearer a gust of wind fluttered the banner, and Pilgrim rose to protest. He danced on two legs, champing and frothing, and instinctively the color-bearer snatched at his bridle. This was an insult he would not endure: he leaped like a deer, and bounded away snorting furiously, wild with anger. Harry tried to pull his head up, but the horse was too quick for him. Then the men in the automobiles jumped to their feet as they saw Pilgrim Stranger rise on his hind legs again, lose his balance and fall backwards on the soggy ground. Harry wrenched his feet free from the stirrups and flung himself sideways, but when the men galloped up they found him half under the struggling Pilgrim. They got him out, and he leaned on Sergeant Smith's shoulder, hiding a suspiciously gray face from his anxious companions. He said he wasn't hurt; and walked back to the semicircle of autos, smiling. He tried to salute the Traffic

Commissioner, but just then the grass got up and hit him; and with returning consciousness he found himself in a hospital ward on a nice white cot with a charming girl bending over him.

He indignantly demanded an explanation of this phenomenon, and they told him his back was sprained. He thereupon inquired for Pilgrim. Was Pilgrim injured? Pilgrim was not. The doctor suggested they bring the horse to see him, but the motion did not carry. The patient desired to be released immediately, and was not pleased when spoken to severely by those in authority. The information that his recovery might be a matter of weeks pleased him still less; and the arrival of Lieutenant Johnson was all that averted a riot. Officer Randall was not a model invalid, and everyone was very glad when he was able to be up and out again.

He reported for duty one morning toward the last of May, sound as a nut, looking a little white from his confinement, but ap-

parently none the worse for his experience; and was joyously welcomed by brother officers. He ran upstairs bubbling over with good spirits, and made at once for Pilgrim's stall, calling his pet by name: but the little horse was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's my baby?" he demanded. "Where's the best cop in the P. D.?"

Sergeant Smith, a trifle disturbed, and feeling as if it were in some way his fault, reluctantly parted with the information that Pilgrim had been sent away. Harry looked as though Smith had struck him.

"Sent away?" he repeated. "Where? Where is he? Where's my horse? Who did it?"

It developed that Pilgrim had gone back to Flushing to remain permanently at the training stables. The Commissioner was reported to have said that he didn't care about having Harry killed.

The subject of this solicitous interest sought Lieutenant Johnson, almost weeping with wrath. The lieutenant patted him on the

shoulder, and he exploded. Johnson pulled at his mustache thoughtfully.

"Randall," he said, "you've lost your temper. When you can talk rationally, come back." He pointed to the door and Harry went out, slamming it. In the evening, after the squad was dismissed, he came into the office rather timidly, feeling ashamed of himself. The commander accepted a very meek apology without comment; but his eyes were kind.

"Well, Harry," he said, "what can I do for you?" Harry was unconsciously eloquent; and the other listened and twisted a pencil between his fingers.

"The order came from headquarters," he remarked presently, when the orator paused for breath. "I'm sorry. I expect you'll have to see the Commissioner."

"To hell with the Commissioner," muttered Harry, as he went out forlornly into the sultry evening.

Now the First Deputy, who rules the Traffic, usually has a soft spot in his heart for a

handsome mounted man; and this particular First Deputy was no exception to the rule. Harry took his next "day off" to beard the lion in his den, and gained admission to the presence without much difficulty. He stated his grievance plainly enough and his superior smiled at the fearless indignation in the accusing eyes.

"Dear me," he said. "I had no idea I'd stir up such a hornet's nest! So you want Pilgrim Stranger back, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I transferred him solely on your account, Randall. I don't think he's really fit for city work. They tell me he's a nuisance. Can't you get on without him?"

"No, sir." Harry was uncompromising.

"There's no immediate danger of your dying heart-broken, is there?" the Commissioner asked, teasingly, watching the boy bristle with helpless anger, and smothering a chuckle. "I think you'll have to worry along without Pilgrim," he added. "Run away and sell your papers."

There was nothing Harry could do but submit: he saluted, and was half-way through the door, when his name was spoken again. The First Deputy was laughing.

"Randall," he said, "I take it all back!—

You absurd youngster, I believe you're going off to cry!"

Harry went over to Flushing and brought Pilgrim Stranger home himself. Pilgrim looked rather thin, and the men at the train-

ing stables said he hadn't been eating properly.

"He's got something on his mind," the sergeant in charge observed, sagely. "I've seen 'em die like that, so I have!"

Harry, with his arms around the smooth neck, buried his face in the silky mane. "Maybe," he murmured, "maybe he thought I was dead!"

The sergeant nodded. He wore service-stripes, and he knew too much about horses to deny the supposition.

## BALLAD OF HIS LADY

Full many things be dear and many sweet,
And much I love, who in this world delight:
I love the City and the clamorous Street,
The Park in summer and the hedges white,
The Tower with his winking lamps bedight:
All things are precious to me—yet delay!
One thing here shows a fairer, lovelier sight:
The Lady of my dreams by night and day!

Full beautiful the Seasons that with fleet
Adventurous hours wing their merry flight,
All dear alike to me in cold or heat,
In cloud or sun, in blossom or in blight:
Yet is there one thing dearer and more bright,
One thing more precious than them all, I say!
Oh, how may tongue or heart sing her aright—
The Lady of my dreams by night and day!

Since tongue nor heart may give her honor meet,
Nor soul of mine arise to such a height,
O merry World, your message I entreat—
Yea, all your powers to this task invite:

Unworthy I, so pity you my plight!
  Cry out my passion, O fair Earth, I pray:
Let all your voices in her praise unite—
  The Lady of my dreams by night and day!

*L'Envoi*

Ah, Fate! if she might listen—if she might
  Be kind to me!—But this is treason: nay,
It is enough I worship with affright
  The Lady of my dreams by night and day!

## "SISTER"

OFFICER NEELY of the Traffic Squad, more commonly known as "Sister," turned his horse's head northward and paced gloomily up the Avenue, contemplating the congested lines of autos, cabs, and carriages with savage indifference, until, the tangle becoming too much for his brothers on foot, he reflected that the personal feelings of "an officer and a gentleman" should never be allowed to interfere with his great public duty, and became at once strenuously occupied.

The big blue-coat at the corner where the snarl was thickest threw him a grateful look as he dismounted and busied himself with a group of excited dames who stood in the center of the street clutching each other, and evidently had no confidence whatever in the authority of a mere footman. With the advent of a horse, yellow trimmings and boots,

they regained a certain equanimity, and Sister got a smile from under a white beaver hat as the last one looked back at him from the curb. That smile, however, only served to remind him of his troubles; and the pink and gold lady under the white beaver sobered as Officer Neely's blue eyes met her own with a chilling official aloofness.

The nickname "Sister," fastened to the young policeman by a waggish lieutenant some two years previous, derived its appropriateness from the young man's gentleness, and the sweetness of his temper, which were proverbial. Sister was never known to quarrel with anyone, and he seriously objected to cuss-words; but the fact that, up to date, three stars had accumulated on his cuff, took the laugh out of the appellation, and the squad forgot the meekness with which Sister had submitted to his initiation and fallen under the lieutenant's amiable sarcasm.

He was a trim, cleanly built young fellow, Officer Neely, with a charming face and a pair of the bluest eyes imaginable. He

walked with a suspicion of the bow-legged cavalry swagger, and sat his horse in a debonair fashion that caused feminine loveliness to lean from the big lumbering stages, and smile. If, by chance, Officer Neely lifted his very blue eyes at the critical moment, he merely lowered them again. Not ungallantly: just with a proper appreciation of his being, as an officer, public property: a something to be stared at, smiled at, and discussed: and with no obligation of responding in any way. A "thank you, officer," when he escorted some pretty damsel from curb to curb, during the afternoon crush, elicited a smile of perfect official propriety from Sister, as being a direct appeal to his chivalry: but in general, the strong young face was unwarmed by any expression at all personal: and Sister rode and walked through his duty with his mind passionately centered on chauffeurs, cabmen, and truck-drivers.

Until one memorable day . . .

She had leaned down as the stage was waiting for the signal: and Sister felt the

power of her eyes, and looked up. The traffic moved on; and he was left tingling from head to foot, hot and cold by turns. He realized suddenly that his horse was standing indignantly on two legs, and loosed his hold on the curb.

For a fortnight he saw her every day. As surely as she passed, whether walking or riding, Sister felt an odd attraction: and always his eyes sought and found her with unerring accuracy. Once she passed the corner where he stood, and for the first time he saw her change color under his gaze. It might have been her nearness to him, or his official importance as he towered above her on the splendid bay horse, so that she was forced to look a long way up to find his eyes: at any rate, she flushed perceptibly, and hurried by; while

Sister shook himself out of his dazed condition, and got down to work.

The next day he did not see her. A second day came and went, without a sign of his divinity: and on the third, Sister, the evenness of his temper sadly ruffled, had not heart enough to smile at an adoring pink and gold maiden under a white beaver hat.

Chester, his mount, also suffered a shock, as his master regained the center

of the street, and backed him with a none too gentle grasp on the curb-rein.

The horse threw up his head; and then as the man stood close beside him, nosed him lightly on the arm. Sister put up a hand penitently, and rubbed him between the eyes. "Poor old chap!" he said: and Chester's ears went up as if he understood. But for all that, he looked round in mild protest once or twice during the remainder of the afternoon, when he felt the spurs applied with unwonted sharpness; and hung his head sadly in his stall that night, reflecting on the manner of his dismissal.

Several of the men had noticed it too; and there was some discussion as to "what ailed Sister." He had struck Chester over the nose with his glove, and gone out a quarter of an hour later without saying good-night.

Sergeant Smith chuckled as he slammed the door of his locker shut, and pocketed his key.

"Sister's been bit at last," was his astute observation. "Any of you fellows seen any signs?"

A general chorus of negatives; and one protest, from a serious young man with sandy hair. "Neely hates women," he stated, with an air of finality.

"Ride to post in a cab, Sandy," returned the sergeant, genially. "You're so young you oughtn't to go on patrol alone."

Chester's agitated ears expressed anxiety the following morning as his master led him out of the stables; and Sister gave him a lump of sugar as a peace offering, and hugged him: to the edification of the sergeant, who, already mounted, was waiting for his men.

"Such a kind-hearted boy," he drawled. "You'd make a good husband for some trusting maiden. Anything doing in that line, Sister?"

Sister blushed scarlet from his immaculate collar to his shiny visor, and flashed a startled look at his superior officer. Then he dropped his eyes. "No, sergeant," he answered quietly; but the sergeant grinned wisely. His shaft had struck.

The afternoon was well along, and Sister

was standing on a congested corner, very busy. He had dismounted, and was untying a knot of autos on the upper side of the crossing, leaving Chester on the lower side, almost in line with the hurrying pedestrians. Turning after a moment to give the signal, he stood, paralyzed, his hand half raised, and felt himself go white. Chester was eating sugar from a little pearl-gray glove.

When Officer Neely recovered himself, he summoned all his official dignity and approached horse and maiden: (swimming in swirls of rose-colored cloud). He saw a pair of startled brown eyes and heard himself observing that Chester was fond of sugar.

"I—I didn't know it was your horse," she faltered, retiring behind a huge gray muff: and Sister's heart registered a triumphant beat: she had tacitly admitted their acquaintance.

"I'm awfully fond of horses," she murmured then, smiling up into the blue eyes confidingly.

By this time Sister had become mildly in-

sane; and something of what he felt must have broken through his official poise. The little gray creature hesitated an instant, and then fluttered away in the whirl of the traffic.

"Now I've scared her," thought the young man, staring up the street after a waving feather. But he rode to the stables that night wearing such a smile that Sergeant Smith was moved to chuckle audibly: the more especially as Chester got an extra pat, and a "Poor old chap!" to make up for unjust treatment which his master still regretted.

It was some time before he saw her again; but now he was not troubled. They understood each other. And when at the next fate-appointed moment his quick eyes caught the blowing of a soft gray feather as the Ninetieth Street stage approached, he reined Chester alongside. She smiled; the small hands fluttered in the softness of her furs and laces, and Sister deftly caught the flower she tossed him—a red rosebud.

He put up his hand several times to feel it where it made a little lump between the

"NOW I'VE SCARED HER," THOUGHT THE YOUNG MAN

two lines of his brass buttons, safely tucked away beneath blue broadcloth and official insignia. It gave him a sensation of security and warmth, the soft, sweet-smelling little thing, nestling so cozily against him. He whispered something very foolish to it once, and blushed at himself; and dug the spurs into Chester, who was half asleep.

He was careful to remove his treasure surreptitiously as he got out of his uniform that night. He kept it closed in his hand as he put on his coat and overcoat. A sense of pity for the half-crushed petals came to him: he held it lightly: his fingers betrayed him, and he dropped it.

A dozen men, loafing about the locker-room in their shirt sleeves, unbuckling their spurs, exchanging rough pleasantries, were startled by the sudden angry voice of Sergeant Smith, and turned to see their officer held by the wrists in the grip of a savage, white-faced boy. Sister, his blue eyes quite black, looked at his superior a tense moment, and then opened the sergeant's closed right hand as if he had

been a stubborn child. The excited men saw him close his own hand over something, and thrust it into a safe vest-pocket. Sergeant Smith stood motionless a moment: then, with an odd, swift change his face cleared, and impulsively he stretched the conquered right hand to Sister.

"I beg your pardon, Neely," he said.

And so it came about, that, riding to post next day, Officer Neely's eyes becoming strangely brilliant as a small gray figure flitted by, and a dash of vivid red spreading beneath the eyes on Officer Neely's tanned face, the canny Sergeant Smith carefully straightened his reins and smoothed down his horse's mane with great precision: and presently heard Sister at his side draw a relieved breath, staring straight ahead up the sunny street.

The weeks slipped by: and Sister tucked a white rose under the brass buttons on his blue broadcloth chest; and later added a daffodil to his collection.

Lilacs arrived with a spray for Sister. The

days were growing longer and hotter, and the Avenue was littered with light dresses and bobbing parasols. A pale blue one danced across the corner on a certain merry afternoon, and Chester ate sugar from pink ungloved fingers.

This important event occurred at four o'clock: and at four-fifteen Officer Neely was smarting under the sting of a sharp reprimand, as Sergeant Smith reined up beside him.

"Get busy now, and finish up that dream to-night," he ended, wheeling his horse and speaking over his shoulder to the discomfited patrolman. "I've a notion to report you!"

All things considered, it was just as well, perhaps, that freakish Fate hurried the pieces in her little game.

A fresh June morning came, quite perfect after ten days of sultry heat; and Sister, riding over his post, paused where the great Cathedral cast its shadow over walks and pavement to enjoy the added coolness.

A wedding was in progress: now it was

over, judging from the usual Mendelssohn protestations; and Sister watched the ribbon-decorated carriage draw up: and in a few minutes the bridal party spilled out over the gray stone steps, piled into its various conveyances, and drove away amid peals of laughter. Sister, his hand clenched in Chester's crinkled mane, caught a final glimpse of a little dark head and a pair of wide brown eyes under a wreath of orange flowers as the ornamented carriage and pair passed him with a clatter of hoofs and a clinking of new harness.

There were no heat prostrations recorded that day, but about three o'clock Sergeant Smith sent one of his men off duty.

. . . . .

Officer Neely answered roll-call briskly next morning; and feeling a hand on his shoulder as the squad was mounting, nodded reassuringly in response to the sergeant's lifted brows.

"All O.K.," said the young man as he

swung himself into the saddle: but the sergeant's eyes were rather thoughtful, as he studied absently the three bronze bravery stars on Sister's sleeve.

## SONG OF THE REVEILLÉ

We're watching for the White Caps and the Boys — In
—Blue;
We're watching down the Drive to see them riding
four by four:
Down the shady, leafy archway where the sun—shines
—through,
For we heard the bugle calling as we passed the
stable door.

Oh, turn and look and listen: Oh, the clink—clink—
clink!
The clatter, clatter, clatter, as they gallop four by
four:
Blue and gold and black and silver, blue and brown—
and—pink:
We are glad we heard the bugle as we passed the
stable door!

Salute! salute, O Comrade, as the Squad—rides—by:
Oh, stand to watch our soldiers as they gallop four by
four:
We think it worth the waiting, Comrade, you—and—I,
Who have heard the bugle sounding as we passed the
stable door!

## THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

Oh, we heard the bugle sounding, and the Boys—I
—Blue,
We knew they'd soon be riding at the gallop, four b
four:
Down the shady, leafy archway where the sun—shine
—through,
For the trumpet called reveillé as we passed th
stable door!

## A MATTER OF DISCIPLINE

He stood, with seventeen other spick and span young cops, and looked at his commanding officer. The Central Park Mounted Squad, famous for its beauty, had acquired another prize in Jimmy Curtis, ex-cavalryman: a

charming young animal with a reckless face, and the grace of a black panther. He answered roll-call in a purring drawl that made the lieutenant frown, and he looked as provokingly lazy as was possible to a man standing at attention with his chin up.

The commander, wearing his usual expres-

sion of cold wrath, was engaged in giving the men their regular morning spanking, which they received collectively with respect, and individually with terror. Lieutenant Lang's reputation as a disciplinarian was proverbial in the Department; and his training of eighteen riotous boys was effectual if hard. He looked up at the sound of Jimmy's soft drawl, and Jimmy faced the sternest pair of eyes he had ever seen. He winced visibly, and hung his head: his insolent assurance for the moment gone, unwilling reverence struggling to consciousness in his heart. When the lieutenant walked round him at inspection five minutes later, he felt like a specimen bug pinned to a card, and submitted to the rather personal examination meekly enough. He looked his superior over, and came to the conclusion that Lang could knock him out without the least difficulty: and a certain enthusiasm took possession of him. He drew a relieved breath as the other passed on down the ranks, and watched him furtively, filled with admiration of his straight back and heavy

broad shoulders: and likewise his fluency of speech: for the lieutenant's tongue, notoriously sharp, had been whetted on this particular morning, to a razor-keenness, and the men squirmed under his sarcasm. Jimmy was moved to chuckle inwardly, though tingling himself from a home thrust, and hot clear down to his heels.

But his conflicting emotions gave way presently to sheer happiness, as, inspection over, the trumpeter rode out, the bugle sounded; and the squad, riding by fours up the drive, lined up ready for the daily drill. What more could he desire? It was a summer morning: the sun was bright on the green stretches of the Park, and he a soldier with a horse between his knees again, and reins sliding in his fingers. The crisp severity of the lieutenant's voice as he rapped out orders went to Jimmy's head, and the clink and clatter of hoofs made his heart beat. It was good to be alive. He galloped off to post, a gallant figure on the restive horse; and the gray-haired sergeant, looking after him, smiled.

"That's a stunning fellow," he said, as he and the lieutenant rode back to the stables together. The lieutenant frowned. "He's an impudent young dog," he said. "I prophesy trouble with that fellow."

Sergeant English nodded. "He needs dressing down," he admitted.

Officer Curtis's handsome insolent face came up repeatedly before Lieutenant Lang that morning. By noon he was feeling irritated: and when the new cop pranced airily in on the one o'clock swing, the commander made occasion to administer a sharp reprimand. Jimmy took it with lowered eyes, but there was a you-be-damned attitude about him that made his superior's fingers itch.

The balance of the week passed uneventfully, and Jimmy won three nicknames, and several sworn friends. His popularity was amazing and sudden. The men rallied round him to laugh at his jokes and listen to his yarns; went mad over his horsemanship, and made life in general most agreeable for him.

So he went his way, his chin up and his

heart light, and contemplated the one cloud on his horizon with philosophical calmness.

For he knew perfectly well that some fine day Lieutenant Lang would set his heel down like a thousand of bricks: and that he, Jimmy, would be under it. He knew he had met his master; and he was fully prepared to be beaten: but he couldn't settle down to work until he had been properly licked.

Now the lieutenant didn't understand the situation and it caused him much annoyance. His new man was a model cop, and, up to date, had obeyed orders. But the very sight of him, with his cap on the back of his head, or the sound of the soft drawl of his voice, was enough to put Lang into a temper.

And yet, in spite of everything, he had a sneaking fondness for the boy. Indeed, Jimmy was very nearly the cause of a break in discipline.

It happened that one day while patrolling his post, Officer Curtis observed a lady sitting on forbidden grass, and politely requested her to remove herself therefrom. She arose

with much dignity, and immediately sat down again; and Jimmy perceived that she was very drunk. He dismounted, approached, and took her gently but firmly by the arm. She emitted a yell, and "went limp"; and Jimmy scratched his head thoughtfully as he contemplated the heap of dry-goods at his feet.

"Juliet," he said, after a pause, "get up, like a good girl. You're making an exhibition of yourself."

The lady began to snore. Jimmy went down and attempted to smooth her ruffled plumage. "I guess you need a carriage, Imogen," he remarked; and was turning away, when his charge sat up and eyed him severely.

"Of'cer," she said, "of'cer, you're no zhentlemens, leave m' like zhish! Take m' home, of'cer."

Thus appealed to, Jimmy extended the hand of friendship again, and got her to her feet. This accomplished, she hauled off, as the saying goes, and landed a fair-sized blow

on the bridge of his classic nose. He gasped; and having ascertained that his favorite feature was not broken, shook his head sorrowfully at his assailant.

"Violet," he said, gravely, "that was a bum move. Now, you know, you'll be held for assaulting an officer. Come with me, little one."

Violet, however, refused obedience; and Jimmy used his "nippers" for the first time. As the steel links bit into the woman's wrist, she stopped struggling, and her captor led her away to the stables triumphantly.

Lieutenant Lang was sitting with his feet on a table, smoking a vile pipe, the picture of contentment, when he heard the familiar soft drawl of Jimmy's voice, and beheld Jimmy in the doorway, leading his horse with one hand and his unwilling prisoner with the other. He dropped the bridle to salute, and stood looking at his commander.

"This lady needs a carriage, lieutenant," he said, casually.

The lieutenant's lips twitched. "And you

need vinegar and brown paper," he retorted. "Didn't she like your face?"

Jimmy deposited the lady, who again showed signs of drowsiness, and was slobbering affectionately on his shoulder, in an untidy heap in the corner, and grinned at his superior.

"Only a slight disagreement," he said, cheerfully. "Rosamund and I understand each other."

The lieutenant turned his back abruptly and rang for the patrol, and Jimmy never knew how near his commander was to defeat. The situation was saved, and discipline maintained.

For several days succeeding this event, Lieutenant Lang was singularly good-natured. Jimmy's nose assumed extraordinary proportions, and Jimmy's insolence was much less evident in that setting. (Incidentally, Juliet Imogen Violet Rosamund was held for Special Sessions, because of the nose.)

In due time, however, Jimmy's erstwhile beauty returned, and his relations with his

HERE HE GOT A STRANGLE-CLUTCH ON JIMMY'S HAIR

superior continued as usual. How long this uncertain state of things might have lasted it is impossible to say, had not matters been precipitated by Jimmy himself. He overstepped the mark one memorable afternoon, and got all he wanted. It was a case of disobedience, and the lieutenant set his heel down. He finished off by shaking Jimmy till his teeth chattered.

"You cub!" he said, holding the astonished boy, who made not the slightest resistance, in a savage grip. "You young pup! You good-for-nothing, ornamental tramp! Any other man would report you, and you'd be tried and fined and fed on the most excellent brand of humble-pie. Personally, I prefer to manage my own affairs, if possible; and I think I can settle your case without much trouble. You Imp of Satan——" (here he got a strangle-clutch on Jimmy's hair) "if you want to keep your skin whole and your breath in you, see that you toe the mark in future! Give me any more nonsense, and I'll flatten your head against the wall!"

There was no insolence left in Jimmy's eyes as he saluted his commander and took his departure: and no doubt existed in his mind as to there being a God in Israel. The black and blue spots he discovered on his arms alone demonstrated that. He was perfectly satisfied. The cloud on his horizon had scattered amid appropriate thunders and lightnings, and a great calm followed. The lieutenant, having thus taken it out on Jimmy, felt decidedly better himself, and an atmosphere of peace pervaded the stables the next morning. He observed with approval the strange new deference in Jimmy's manner, and smiled. Thereafter it was noticeable that Officer Curtis obeyed Lieutenant Lang with what might be roughly described as alacrity; and the blue gaze of his superior had a hypnotic effect that was remarkable.

Jimmy was satisfied. Through the ensuing days he worshiped the lieutenant's boot-tracks with fervor, and all was merry as a marriage-bell. His over-abundant spirits got him frequent reprimands, and once the assem-

bled squad was entertained by the sight of their commander pulling the ears of the popular Officer Curtis; but in general there was harmony at the Sheepfold.

The summer waned, and fall was gone in a breath, and winter arrived with pomp and circumstance. A terrific blizzard struck the Metropolis early one morning, and by nine o'clock traffic was badly tied up and the city's business hindered. Central Park was one great whirl of flying feathers: and Lieutenant Lang, having looked his disheveled, reddened, and already semi-exhausted men over anxiously at roll-call, as if surprised to find all present and in sound condition, held the whole lot for an hour at the stables—out of consideration for the horses—but the storm gave no promise of abating. At ten, he called headquarters, imploring guidance; and having received the curt instructions which relieved him of personal responsibility, had the animals well blanketed, and sent half the squad out. They came in at the lunch-hour, chilled to the bone and in various tempers; and the

hostlers worked over the horses, which had fared worse than their masters.

"There isn't a soul in the Park," muttered the lieutenant, staring through the north window at the driving snow. "What a beastly storm! It's a sin to send those fellows out this afternoon." The sight of a wind-lashed foot-patrolman struggling through the drifts on his beat added to his disgust, and he turned presently from the cheerless prospect to the group huddled around the gas-stove—steam-heat being an unknown quantity at the Sheepfold.

"Peary ain't got notin' on us," remarked a Gibson blond, stretching his hands closer to the comforting flame. "Br-r-r! I ain't sure if I'm alive or dead!"

"Fritz," said the man on his left, "don't you know that two negatives make an affirmative? For a Twentieth Century Cop your grammar is rotten."

"I don't think much of your English, Tommy," was the retort; and an appreciative chuckle went round the circle.

"I made a rescue this morning," continued the blond, blandly ignoring his preceptor. "I did, honest! Taxi stuck in a drift. Beauchus maiden inside. Me and the shofer pulled her out—I mean the taxi—and I got a heavenly smile from her—I mean the maiden."

"Like a nut you did," grunted Jimmy. "With that face!" Fritz, being at the time decorated with the remains of a bad black eye, the comment was apropos. He looked injured; and Jimmy, relenting, stroked his head tenderly until a well-aimed blow in the region of the solar plexus sent him over backward, chair and all, and the lieutenant, writing at the desk, looked up in pained surprise.

"I'm going to make a rescue this afternoon," Jimmy affirmed, as he picked himself up and landed on the back of Fritz's neck. "I'm going to rescue myself from duty and stay under a bridge somewhere—what?"

There was another scramble at this point and Lang rapped on the desk.

"Stop that racket!" he shouted. "How

can I write in this infernal noise? Oh, the hymns of praise I shall sing when that mythical locker-room is built! Clear out, and get your sweaters and your ear-muffs, and your other duds, and beat it—and the Lord go with you!"

The afternoon dragged through in a dull gray monotony, and was well along, when the commander, who had been pacing restlessly about the room for some minutes, and occasionally unbolting the door to frown at the elements, opened his locker, sat down deliberately to buckle on his heaviest boots, and ordered Poet, his mount, saddled.

Sergeant English, sprawled on a bench reading a paper-backed novel, stared his astonishment. "What the deuce——?" he began: when the lieutenant cut him short.

"I guess I can make my rounds if my men can manage to stay out," he snapped. "A little fresh air will do me good. It's hotter 'n hell in here." He jerked himself into his rubber coat and havelock and stalked out in silence. The men watched him from the win-

dow as he rode off in the blinding sleet, and Fritz whistled. "Now what do you know about that?" he inquired.

"Good for old Grouch," commented Tommy: and the sergeant grinned behind the pages of his book.

The lieutenant, picking his way through the drifts and hollows, found a certain enjoyment in the whistling wind and the changed world about him. Several times he found himself a trifle puzzled as to his whereabouts, and looked in vain for familiar landmarks, for the Park was well disguised, cuddling beneath the enveloping white domino and doubtless enjoying the masquerade—trim, civilized Central Park! He met an afflicted and rueful officer, half a mile up the drive, faithfully riding his post: but as he proceeded northward he came to the conclusion that some of the men were hiding under bridges as Jimmy had threatened to do, for the Park seemed utterly deserted. However, he reflected, half the squad was a pretty thin sprinkling, and did give a man a long beat to

cover. Probably he had just missed them. As there was no way of settling the question, he continued on his rounds, poking suspiciously into sheltered corners, and keeping a sharp watch for possible offenders—whom, if discovered, kind Heaven protect!

He rode a little distance beyond the reservoir, and then, following some impulse, turned and struck west across the lawns. It was growing dark, and the lights were gleaming blurred and ghostly through the still falling snow. His mount stumbled across the grass and floundered through a drift, and the lieutenant felt the low-hanging branches of a tree scratch his face as he turned south on the bridle-path. He went more slowly now, for the night was fast gathering and the road was badly lighted. He was contemplating a short walk to warm his feet, when suddenly Poet brought up with a start, and a faint whinny made him jump in the saddle. He made out the shape of a horse standing shivering twenty yards away, and riding forward gave a cry of dismay as he saw the head-

stall with the yellow trimmings, and recognized Jimmy Curtis's mount. In an instant he was on his knees, brushing aside the snow from the half-covered body of Jimmy himself, stretched on his back. The icy ground under the drifts, and the condition of the faithful Roger, explained the situation. The horse had evidently slipped and Jimmy had been thrown and stunned, and God knew how long he had lain there. By the amount of snow covering him it must have been some time.

Lang bent over, drew off his gloves, and slipped a hand under Jimmy's poncho. He couldn't feel a heart-beat through all those clothes, and in another minute he had the coat unfastened and his ear against the man's chest. Then he stood up and blew his whistle. In the raging of the storm the sound seemed futile. He blew the distress call several times, but no answer came; and he stooped over the unconscious form again.

He raised the boy against his knee, and shook him. "Jimmy!" he cried, "Jimmy!"

He rubbed a handful of snow on the white face, and slapped him sharply. "Jimmy!" he said, sternly. "Jimmy, wake up! You young fool, do you want to freeze to death?"

Jimmy was drifting peacefully out on a white sea somewhere, when something called him. He had been drifting so for ages, when he heard his name spoken miles and miles away, and listened. "Jimmy!"—the voice was strangely familiar—"Jimmy, wake up! Wake up, you cub!"

Then he realized that he was being shaken violently, exactly as he had been shaken once before—in some former existence: he remembered it perfectly. "Jimmy!" The voice was nearer now and suddenly he began to struggle. Someone was hurting him; pinching and slapping him: someone whose voice shocked him into animation. He tried to answer the call; the white sea fell away from him with a rushing noise, and he opened his eyes.

Lieutenant Lang drew a great breath of

relief. "God, how you frightened me, Jimmy Curtis! Get on your feet. Stand up—do you hear?"

He handled the boy so roughly that he sank back in the snow with a little moan. He was dazed and sick; his head was whirling; he could only stare with dull eyes at the set face above him, and was drifting out on that peaceful sea once more, when the sound of the stern voice held him back, and the grip of fingers on his arm made him flinch.

"You get on your feet or I'll thrash you! Stand up!"

Jimmy didn't at all know what was happening, but his commanding officer evidently meant business; and he didn't want to be thrashed, so he got on his feet.

"Now walk!" the lieutenant ordered, gathering the horses' reins in one hand and with the other half supporting Jimmy.

"I can't walk," protested Jimmy, faintly. "I don't want to walk. Let me alone."

Lang took the boy by the shoulders, and looked into his face savagely. "Jimmy," he

said between his teeth, "you walk, or I'll beat you to a pulp!"

When the two men reached the stables they found a rescue-party just ready to leave, and were greeted with relieved shouts from the anxious group in the doorway. Jimmy dropped in a dead faint as the warm air smote him, and the lieutenant leaned weakly against the wall and covered his face.

"Gosh," whispered Tommy, as they worked over the half-frozen man. "Old Grouch must have a heart concealed somewhere! Look at him—there, James, don't fight! Nobody's going to kill you."

Jimmy sat up, still dazed, and looked about him vacantly. The lieutenant crossed the room and bent down, laying a rather shaky hand on his shoulder.

"Brace up, Jimmy," he said. "You're all right now. Brace up."

Jimmy looked into his face appealingly. "Don't make me walk," he begged. "I'm so tired!"

The men told him afterwards that Lieu-

tenant Lang choked up and couldn't speak: but Jimmy laughed, remembering the voice that had called him back to consciousness. He was always glad he walked, and saved himself that beating.

## RONDEL OF ACTION

Of Traffic and the City Perilous,
  Of Streets and Squares and Bridges let us sing:
Of Deeds and Doings bold and valorous,
  Of Clubs and Guns, Dark Nights and Rioting.

Oh, let us hear a Rhyme of martial swing,
  A Tale be told of Struggle Ruinous—
  Of Traffic and the City Perilous,
Of Streets and Squares and Bridges let us sing

Yea, build a Chant of Battle Hazardous,
  A Rhyme, a Rhyme for all Adventuring:
To Victims in the Fight Calamitous
  This for our Rue and Laurel shall we Bring—
Of Traffic and the City Perilous,
  Of Streets and Squares and Bridges let us sing.

# HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

## I

A RATHER dirty hand and a ragged sleeve, nestling in the tall grass by a clump of bushes on the bridle-path near the Pond one hot summer afternoon, betrayed the presence of a foreign body in Central Park which Mounted Patrolman Paul Kent decided to remove. He dismounted and walked across the grass to the shrubbery, and bending down among the branches located the neck of a gray flannel shirt, upon which his gauntleted fist closed unceremoniously.

The owner of the dirty hand and flannel shirt being thus rudely disturbed, lay on the grass at Officer Kent's feet, only half awakened, and about half drunk. Paul kicked him delicately, as a harmless stimulant, and advised him, not unkindly, to "beat it." The

man scowled and drew away, growling out an oath as he met the steady eyes above him.

Paul grinned. "Sorry to disturb you, old chap," he said. "But I don't make the Park laws. Come now—get!"

"You go to hell," responded the other.

The policeman's eyes glinted. "Get up," he said, sharply, accompanying the command with a second grip on the gray flannel shirt. The man put up a fight; but being the worse for drink, Paul hauled him to his knees, and was reaching for his "nippers" when the prisoner stopped struggling and lifted a sobering face.

"Don't run me in," he begged, huskily. "I'll go! Don't run me in!" But Paul snapped the grooved steel handles together and fastened the nippers. "Get up," he repeated, "or you'll find things unpleasant. Drunk and disorderly, you go where you belong."

The young fellow—he was about Paul's own age—bit his lips as he felt the chain cut. He laid his free hand on the officer's

arm in a silent appeal, and the expression in his eyes checked Paul.

The face he saw was not the face of the habitual drunkard. A distinct refinement showed through the drink and grime and the week's growth of beard. The features were clean-cut, and the mouth oddly sensitive. He stood looking down at his captive, puzzled.

"Don't run me in," pleaded the man again. "Let me go, won't you?"

"You don't look like a tramp," commented Paul. "What's your game? You're drunk enough—at least you were a few minutes ago."

The other hung his head. "I—I'm not a tramp," he said. "I'm out of a job, and I'm broke: that's all."

"Humph," grunted Paul. "What lost you the job? Booze?"

A slow, deep flush spread over the unshaven face. Paul, with his former lack of ceremony, took him by the hair and held his head back rather brutally. "I guess there's hope for you," he said. "I see you haven't

lost the grace of blushing. Why don't you cut this business out and go home?"

The man burst into a fit of unpleasant laughter. "No home to go to," he snarled, defiantly. "I'm down and out, I tell you!"

Paul considered. "Look here," he said presently. "If I let you go"—the shamed eyes were lifted quickly—"if I let you go, and if I lend you some cash, will you hit the trail to the nearest thirst-emporium and tank up on it?"

"I—I——" stammered the astonished fellow: "I—No! So help me——"

"You needn't swear about it," remarked Paul, shortly. "I haven't much faith in you. But I'll give you the benefit of the doubt." He jerked the chain from the reddened wrist and the freed man staggered to his feet. Paul produced a rather slim wallet from an inside pocket and subtracted a five-dollar bill therefrom. He held the money out to his new acquaintance, looking him gravely in the eyes. "My name is Kent," he said. "You can find me at the Sheepfold." The grimy hand closed on the money and the hand of

Officer Kent. "My name is Colby," said the man. "And—and you're *white!*"

But alas, the shrubbery by the little south lake seemed peculiarly attractive to Colby the unshorn. A week after the event of the Lost Five, Paul, riding under the bridge a hundred yards away, saw a familiar figure stagger across the bridle-path. He leaned forward in the saddle, staring: then, touching spurs to his horse, he rode across the lawn, rounded a line of bushes, and came face to face with his man, who was beating a hasty retreat among the sheltering leaves.

Colby, on this occasion, was drunk as the proverbial lord. His eyes had a misty, far-away look in them; but he recognized Paul. "Aw'f'ly shorry, ol' fel'," he muttered thickly. "Ca-can't pay y' zhat f-five t'day. Bub—broke 'gain, y' know."

Officer Kent, from his horse, as from the throne of justice, delivered himself of a few caustic remarks that made the drunken boy sniffle. "Aw'f'ly shorry, ol' fel'," he reiterated. "C-can't pay y' zhat f-f-five——"

"Damn the five," cut in Paul. "You worthless pup!"

Colby, thus addressed, laid his face against Paul's knee, and melted into tears. "Ol' fel'," he sobbed. "Aw'f'ly shorry, ol' fel'——"

Paul gathered the ends of his reins together and struck him across the back of the neck, ripping out a very choice bit of language as he did so. Colby started, and cowered; swayed unsteadily a moment, and tumbled over on the grass, groveling. The other looked down at him a moment, and then turned his mount deliberately on the prostrate figure.

"Get up and get out of this," he said sternly. Colby, a trifle sobered, scrambled out of the way and backed off as the policeman rode after him. Paul turned into the bridle-path, driving the staggering fellow ahead of him as cattle are driven. Several passing equestrians turned in amazement; but the angry officer's regard for public opinion was at that moment very slight.

Tired, dusty, and very meek, the drink

DRIVING THE STAGGERING FIGURE AHEAD OF HIM

pretty well scared out of him, Colby was finally rounded up near the Seventh Avenue entrance, and fled into the shelter of Fifty-ninth Street, with a backward look of terror at the relentless figure on the sweating bay horse. Paul turned into the path again savage and disgusted.

"Gee, but I was easy," he muttered. "I bet the brute spent every cent of that five on booze!"

The playful fate of Denis Colby of the unemployed cast him once more into the arms of the law not a fortnight after the little game of hare- and-hounds on the south bridle-path. This time it was a traffic-man, at Sixty-fifth Street and Columbus Avenue. Denis, fairly maudlin with drink, was endeavoring to thread his way through the mystic maze where Broadway crosses the two streets. It was about six-thirty in the evening, and the big foot-patrolman holding down the congested crossing rescued the wandering one from a violent death as a Riverside stage lumbered by, and got a badly-aimed blow in

the chest from the wandering one's fist as a reward. The rescuer would probably have tipped the scales at about two hundred and sixty; and he lifted Denis by the nape of the neck and boxed his ears. Denis began to weep loudly: and his Fate, foreseeing real trouble for her erring child, produced his fairy godmother in the shape of Paul Kent, on his way to the subway station after the day's work. The two officers saluted each other, and Paul stared at the limp captive.

"Well, the son-of-a-gun!" he exclaimed.

The big footman grinned. "Know him?" he inquired.

Paul pushed back his cap and scratched his head. "Y-yes," he hesitated. "I guess I do. The blankety-blank fool!"

Colby's eyes lit with affectionate recognition. "Ol' fel'," he gurgled. Paul laughed in spite of himself.

"You're a lovely specimen of manhood, Colby," he said. "Let him go, Pat. He's harmless."

"Divil a bit," retorted the big Irishman.

"He tried to fight *me,* so he did! We'll lock him up, just for the fun of it."

Paul frowned a little. "Aw, cheese it, Casey," he said. "Let the poor brute go sleep it off somewhere. Come on, Colby. I'll take you across, damn you!"

But the heavy-weight interposed a hand the size of a small ham. "Paul," he said, "trot along home, or I'll spank you!"

Paul looked up at the six-feet-three, and showed all his white teeth in an appreciative grin. "Please," he coaxed.

Officer Casey handed over the prisoner, laughing. "Then I'll not take advantage of me superior strength," he chuckled. "Take the baby home and put him to bed! Good-night, little one," he added, playfully extinguishing Colby's face with the all-enfolding hand. "He'll be pinched before morning, anyhow. Did ye ever seen one fuller?"

Paul steered his prize across the street, meditating. "The poor devil," he muttered. "I wonder——"

By the time they reached the subway sta-

tion he had come to a decision. "The boys will mob me, I suppose." He looked Denis over. "Come along, you care-free reveler," he said. "I'll take Casey's advice, so I will, so I will! I'll take you home."

As luck would have it, Paul was in uniform that night. The cavalrymen are rather fond of their uniforms. A good-looking fellow is always improved by boots and yellow stripes and brass buttons: and if you have the proper shoulders and waist it's a shame to conceal them in citizen's clothes, which are the invention of a race of brokers and bankers, who couldn't to save their lives ride a horse without bouncing.

But Officer Kent, going home that night, attracted more attention than he cared for. When he boarded a crowded Bronx express at Seventy-second Street his drunken charge, feeling a bit weak in the knees, collapsed into the lap of a handsome young lady, who vigorously objected; and Paul had to hold him up with a brotherly arm, while Denis whimpered on his shoulder. A couple of charitably dis-

posed gentlemen, exchanging amused glances, presently offered their seats, which he accepted thankfully enough, and Denis, gurgling happily, then proceeded to fall asleep with his head on his protector's knee. The still indignant young lady, who, accompanied by a sweet-faced elderly woman, was sitting next them, sniffed scornfully.

"Drunk and disorderly," she remarked. "I should think an officer's duty was plain enough."

The other smiled. "Never mind, my dear," she said. "Very likely it's his brother. Poor boy."

Paul heard the conversation, wondering if the last observation referred to him or to Denis. He glanced down at the flushed face on his knee, and a wave of disgust swept over him. "Gee, I *am* easy," he thought. Then his sense of humor got the upper hand and he giggled, a little hysterically. The young lady at his side drew away. "Good gracious," she exclaimed. "They're both drunk!"

Paul bit his lips, and assumed an expres-

sion of stony severity: and was gazing with fixed earnestness at the Gold-dust Twins opposite, when someone laid a hand on his arm. He started, and broke into an amiable smile, as he encountered the astonished eyes of Officer Ted Vincent, a Park brother. Paul and Vincent, together with a mischievous Irishman by the name of Michael Kane, and a happy-go-lucky person known as "Kid" Butler, formed a quartette for which Kent's patient and long-suffering mother kept house. The four young policemen had been friends for some time, and had organized a sort of commonwealth, of which Mrs. Kent was president.

Vincent, who had seen Paul through the crowd, had edged his way to where the Good Samaritan sat, and now bent over his adopted brother in a dazed sort of way.

"Ho-ly Mo-ses!" he exclaimed. "What *have* you got there?"

"Hello," grinned Paul. "I thought you'd gone with Mickey."

"Changed my mind. Wonder if Ma'll

have enough to eat? Where in hell did you pick *that* up?"

"Cut it out," responded Paul. "There's too much of an audience."

Ted took a handful of the sleeping beauty's towseled hair, and turned his face about for a better view. "Dear me," he commented. "A fallen angel! Say, honest, Paul, where'd you get him?"

"Shut up!" ordered the other, angrily; and Ted subsided.

They had some difficulty in rousing Denis when they reached their destination; but finally, under protest, he managed to get on his feet, and into the station.

"Now," said Ted, grimly, when they had reached the street, "perhaps you'll very kindly tell me what this means?"

Paul explained briefly. "He's not a common drunk, old man," be wound up, seriously. "He wants a start, that's all. I guess"—he hesitated a little—"I guess I've got superstitious about him. The way he's been thrown under my feet is sure funny. I—I thought

we'd bring him home and we'd see if we couldn't help him."

"Nice thing to hand Ma," sniffed Ted.

"Lord!" Paul's eyes opened. "Lord! It's just Ma's style! She'll nurse him like a Sister of Mercy!"

"Yes," grunted Ted. "I've noticed Ma is usually the goat."

Paul looked anxious. "But I felt so sorry for him, Ted," he protested. "Somehow, when I saw Big Casey goin' to pinch him, I just couldn't stand it."

Ted laughed shortly. "Well," he said, "we'll see what we can do. Only, if he kicks up a row——"

"We'll kick him out," nodded Paul.

Mrs. Kent received the visitor and her son's explanatory remarks with some astonishment, but without protest. Paul kissed her, and Ted followed suit. "Ma, you're a brick," they affirmed in chorus. The old lady's eyes were moist. "It was dear of you, son," she said, as she stroked the Good Samaritan's hair.

"How's the Kid?" inquired Ted, as he took off his coat.

"He's dressed," said the mother. "And going to eat dinner with us, he says."

A slim figure in a scarlet bath-robe appeared at this point—the Kid, with his arm in a sling, looking white but cheerful.

"Hello," shouted Paul and Vincent. "Ain't you the sport!"

"Sure," was the response. "What y' got there?—Well I'm perpetually blowed! My Enemy!"

There was a pause. Paul jerked his thumb in the direction of the now heavily slumbering Denis, stretched in a chair. "You don't mean——" he began. The Kid nodded excitedly.

"That's the fellow," he said. "You don't wonder I know him, do you?"

The arm which Officer Butler carried in a sling had been broken some weeks before in a hand-to-hand encounter with a loafer, who had proved too much for him. The Kid had

conceived a great admiration for his unknown assailant, who, he affirmed, was "clever as the Old Boy himself." Paul stood staring from the injured Kid to the snoring Colby, incredulously.

"That drunk?" he cried. "That dish-rag?"

"He wasn't drunk when he broke my arm," said the Kid. "He was fit as a young lion. He was looking for trouble and glad of it. And he was a beauty!—Gad, but the booze has taken it out of him, poor beast!" He bent over Denis, frowning. "I'd rather have a broken arm any day," he said, quite gently. "How did it happen?"

Once more Paul told his story, curtly enough; for the narrative was beginning to bore him. "You and Ma can take care of him," he finished. "You can heap coals of fire on his head, and that ought to please anyone. Let's have dinner."

There were experiences in store for Denis Colby, now safely housed in the enemy's camp. Paul undertook, later in the evening,

to give the disreputable boy a much-needed bath. "He's got to be put to bed," was his rueful observation. "And somebody's got to clean him up." Under some protest, Ted was pressed into service, and for the space of half an hour, a complication of noises proceeded from the direction of the bath-tub, where the grimy Denis was meeting with very little mercy. Mrs. Kent wandered about the house looking worried, and the Kid lay on the sofa in the sitting-room and chuckled.

"I *think* they're hurting him," the poor lady said once to the Kid, who burst into a joyous shout.

"Oh, far be it from so!" he said, piously.

A sharp howl at this point seemed to indicate particular agony on the part of Denis. The Kid listened.

"Cold shower," he remarked. "Ow—and then a rub-down. H'm. He'll be sober when they finish with him, all right all right!"

He was. Paul dumped him into his own bed, and rolled down his sleeves, swearing. Ted leaned against the wall and laughed, as

Denis, a vivid crimson from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes, lay glaring at them helplessly.

He found himself upon the morrow a sadder and a wiser man, and his redemption began. He was very meek, and also very grateful. Likewise, he was very sick. He lay in Paul's bed quietly, and Mrs. Kent mothered him. The Kid strolled in, once, to speak to him; but he flushed and squirmed and looked so hopelessly ashamed that the amiable Butler refrained from any further overtures of friendship. He managed in the course of the afternoon to shave himself; and when the boys came home at night they found a haggard but presentable young man propped up on pillows, eating milk-toast.

Paul and Ted exchanged glances; and Michael, who had spent the previous night over in St. George, and was now meeting the transgressor for the first time, was duly introduced. Denis shook hands with Officer Kane, glanced apprehensively at the semicircle of faces around his bed, and dropped

his eyes in confusion. Paul patted him on the shoulder, smiling.

"Ain't Ma the bully nurse?" was all he said.

In this wise were the straying feet of Denis Colby set upon the paths of virtue; and in the sunshine of "Ma's" presence, and the careless good-nature of "Ma's" boys, he blossomed like the rose; like a hot-house rose, indeed; for the blossoming was so rapid as to appear forced. In a week he was in condition, alert and splendid and clear-eyed, and the shame gone from him. Paul looked at him one morning as he came from his bath, frisky as a puppy, his fair skin glowing pink after the cool dip, and grabbed a few handfuls of him in sundry places, grunting approval as he felt the hardness of him.

"Good stuff," he proclaimed. "I knew it!"

It was the first allusion to his horrible past; and Denis wilted. An expression of pain touched his sensitive mouth, but he faced Paul bravely.

"And now the great question arises," he said. "What am I going to do?"

Inspiration leaped in Paul's eyes. He laid a hand on the other's shoulder. "How'd you like to go on the Force?" he demanded.

An answering gleam lit Colby's face. "I wonder——", he hesitated.

"You could pass the exam., if that's what you're thinking of," said Paul, glancing over the straight strong body. "Go to it, old man!"

Excited discussion and much amiable horse-play followed, while the two hurried into their clothes; and when they joined the rest of the family at the breakfast-table fifteen minutes later, flushed and breathless and full of their secret, they could hardly contain themselves.

"Boys, boys!" pleaded Mrs. Kent. "*Do* behave! What in the world ails you? Paul, you'll have the coffee over! There!"

"Ma, I'm awful sorry!—clean tablecloth too," he mourned. "Can I have another cup? Please, I'll be good!"

Ted looked up from behind his newspaper. "I bet I know," he said suddenly; and broke into a triumphant laugh.

But Mickey and the Kid remained in ignorance; and when, soon after, Denis burst upon the assembled household looking like a very fashion-plate of a cop in the full glory and splendor of his newness, they fell into each other's arms, and fainted gracefully away in a heap, while Mrs. Kent began to cry in the foolish manner of mothers the world over. Poor Denis, swiftly realizing that these tears sealed his certificate of adoption, cast one startled glance about him, and flung himself down with his head buried in Ma's lap; and the quartette, taking the hint, faded away in various directions, and closed the doors upon them. Mrs. Kent held Colby's face between her hands, and searched him through and through with tender mother-eyes.

"My fifth big son," she whispered; and kissed him on the forehead.

II

Denis, after his probation, was enrolled in the Traffic, and spent several weeks on the Avenue, very conscious of his boots and but-

tons. Then the Powers That Be chased him down town, where he met the truck-drivers and missed the ladies. Along in the winter he was transferred to the Park, much to his delight; for the quartette were all members of the Park Squad, and he felt exiled without them. He made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Lang, and his joy was a little dampened.

"Did I get in wrong, or is it his natural way of talking?" he asked of Paul the first day. Paul grinned sympathetically. "It's all right," he said. "Just hold your tongue, and do your work, and you're safe enough. He's square."

Denis took the advice, and did his work as well as he knew how. The commander showed approval of the new member in his cool judicial fashion, and Denis got through the first fortnight without a reprimand; which astonished him considerably.

"Ma, he's a terror," he confided to Mrs. Kent one night at dinner. "I s'pose you get used to it; but I feel like I was walking on terrible thin ice."

The quartette chuckled. "We love our Teacher," they chorused. "Oh, *How* we *Love* our *Teach*-er!"

"We really do, Ma," added Paul. "You needn't look so reproachful. He plays fair. You can't deny he plays fair; though you may not enjoy his methods. A fellow won't get into trouble if he's on his job."

"What's likely to occur if he ain't?" inquired Denis, anxiously.

Ted, Paul, and Mickey, impelled by a single inspiration, whistled a funeral-march; while the Kid solemnly buried a spoon in the mashed potatoes, and erected a tombstone in the shape of a soda-cracker, shedding elaborate tears during the process. Mrs. Kent and Denis applauded, though the latter looked a little alarmed.

"Gosh," he murmured. "Me for the halo!"

In assisting to pave that famous Road we sometimes hear about, Denis, after faithfully wearing his halo for a protracted period, lost it suddenly. He was missing one afternoon

from roll-call; and when the quartette got home in the evening, they found Mrs. Kent sobbing by the kitchen stove, while the dinner burned up unmolested. Paul, biting off an oath, ran down the hall to the room which he and Colby shared; and there, sure enough, was Denis, very much asleep, and, to Paul's horror, fully uniformed.

"Oh, saints above, if anybody saw the brute!" he breathed; and, dragging him by the collar, he got him to the bathroom and held his head under the tap.

"Keep out, Ma," he ordered, as Mrs. Kent and the three boys arrived during the disturbance, and the distressed mother protested. "I smell your dinner, and it'll be all gone if you don't rescue it. We'll tend to Denis. . . . Now then, you—you——" He flung the gasping Denis on his bed, a trail of water marking the return from the regenerating tub. "You drunken dog, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Mickey and Ted stood in the doorway, while the Kid glared over their shoulders like

an avenging deity. Paul held the object of his wrath down on the pillows, and Denis made no attempt to struggle in the angry grip, but scowled up at him savagely. "Nothin' to say," he muttered.

Paul straightened up and covered his face with his hands. "Oh Lord," he groaned. "It makes me sick!" He turned on Denis again, furiously. "You ought to be flogged!" he cried. "You ought to he horsewhipped!"

Denis winced and whitened under the storm that followed. Paul tramped up and down and raged; and the trio in the doorway disappeared.

"You've made my mother cry," Paul said at last, standing over him, trembling from head to foot. "You—you cur, *you've hurt my mother!*"

A light touch on his arm brought him to his senses. "Paul," his mother whispered. "Unto seventy times seven." So Denis was saved again.

It seemed this time as if he had really reformed. All through the winter and spring

he stuck to his job, and the reddening wine had apparently lost its fascination for him. The boys spoke proudly of him among themselves, and Mrs. Kent rejoiced in the devotion of her "five big sons," and silently prayed over the doubtful one when she kissed him good-by in the mornings. Paul had almost forgotten that Denis was ever drunk, when, as the warm weather came on, he began to notice a restless look in his friend's eyes, and a cold fear took hold of him.

"Ma loves him so," he thought. "It would break the darling-dear all up. By God, if he does it again, I'm done with him!"

He watched the unconscious Denis as a cat watches her prey; and his vigilance was not without results. Officer Colby left the stables with suspicious haste one evening, and Paul, slipping through the back way, avoided the rest of the boys and followed him. He crossed the yard beyond the sheep-pens, ran down the road past the wagon-barn, and out of the stone gateway leading on the Sixty-sixth Street highway. By the time he had

reached Eighth Avenue, he was out of breath, and Denis was out of sight. In a flash of memory, he pictured the saloon on the corner of Columbus, and ran down the street like a hunted thing. As he neared the corner he saw Denis ahead of him in citizen's clothes; and came to a sudden halt as the gray coat vanished through the halfdoors, for he was uniformed, even to his spurs; which, in his hurry, he had forgotten to remove. He stood hesitating a moment; then, with a shrug and a reckless glance about him, followed his erring brother.

Denis, at peace with himself again, ate dinner with the family an hour later, and hugged Paul like a child as they said good-night. "Thanks, old man," he gulped; and Paul, strangely enough, was the one embarrassed. "Forget it," he advised.

But the affair did not terminate there. Much was destined to come of Officer Colby's latest indiscretion. The next morning, at inspection, Lieutenant Lang stopped before Paul, and eyed him in a way that made him

HE STOOD HESITATING A MOMENT

feel weak in the knees. "I want to see you before you go on post, Kent," he said, shortly; and Paul saluted, with a sudden premonition of what was coming. He was not surprised when the lieutenant made his accusation.

"You don't need to deny it, Kent," he said. "I *saw* you."

Paul stood, silent and white, and made no attempt to deny it.

"I saw you go into that saloon, young man; but I'm willing to hear what you've got to say about it."

Paul looked up, and Lang was startled by the expression in his face. "Nothing to say, sir," he replied, in a gentle, despairing sort of way.

Lang looked at him curiously. "What's the matter with you, Paul?" he asked, a little less sternly. Paul shook his head. "Nothing, sir." The lieutenant sighed. "Well," he said, "I'm going to give you a complaint for this. I'm sorry you need the lesson. I didn't expect it of you."

When Paul turned over half his month's

pay to his mother several days later she stared at him in perplexity.

"Why, son——" she exclaimed.

"I know, Ma. I'm awful sorry, darling-dear; but your wicked little boy got punished, and they soaked him dref'ly."

"Why, son!" Her eyes filled up. Paul folded his hands beseechingly. "My angel-mother," he begged. "Don't ask me about it; and *please* don't cry! Because"—he turned away abruptly—"I can't stand it."

She put her arms around him. "I don't care about the *money,* Paul," she said.

That week's edition of the *Chronicle* stated that Mounted Patrolman Paul Kent, Precinct 33, had been fined fifteen days' pay for entering a saloon in uniform. The Kid, poring over the trial-column in Sunday morning comfort of bathrobe and slippers—for he was off duty, as it happened—uttered a sudden and not altogether polite exclamation, as the foregoing item caught his attention. Denis, also enjoying a Sunday off, and at the moment engaged in shaving, glanced in from

the bedroom, at the figure stretched on the sofa.

"What the devil?" he inquired.

"Come here," said the Kid, sitting up. "Do you know anything about *that?*" he added, coldly; pointing to the paragraph. Denis almost dropped his shaving-mug. "*Kid!*" he cried.

"Well?" The Kid's face was stern. Denis bit his lips. "I—I didn't know he got caught," he faltered. "Yes, he was going after me." He stood gazing anxiously into the depths of the shaving-mug. "You needn't look at me like that," he said presently. "I'm not a cad, at any rate."

The Kid retired behind his paper again. "All right," he said. "You take what belongs to you—as far as you can. You can't very well explain it to the whole P. D. unless you apologize in print, but you can square him with Lang and the squad."

Denis felt a very honest and real desire to "square" things, and take whatever was due him, but it was with much trepidation that he

approached his commander early the following morning.

"Lieutenant," he said faintly, when Lang condescended to notice him, "may I speak to you a minute, sir?"

"Well, Colby, what is it? Stand down off the platform, and talk so I can hear you."

Denis obeyed, very miserable indeed; and Lang listened to his confession with a face like a stone wall. "Humph," he remarked, when the unhappy boy had finished. "It seems to me you ought to give the men the benefit of this. I presume everyone saw the *Chronicle* yesterday, and the fat's in the fire by now."

There was no suspicion, as the neat blue lines drew up for roll-call, of the tumult, raging beneath their very noses, just under Officer Colby's freshly polished shield. Paul, who stood next him, wondered at his paleness; but the Kid alone, of all the squad, was, as he afterwards expressed it, "wise." Nothing had been said to Paul of the item in the *Chronicle;* but when he walked into the



9816864

stables he knew that it was common property. Ted and Mickey, having been instructed by the Kid to "shut their foolish faces," merely had their own notions—which were not far wrong—concerning Paul's trouble; and, having proper confidence in Butler, refrained from questioning either Paul or Denis. So that, when Denis, at a sign from the lieutenant, stepped from the ranks and faced the squad, surprise was the emotion animating even these members of his own household.

He was almost as white as his collar; and Lieutenant Lang, watching him, considered that the erring one paid a fair price for his transgressions.

"Fellows," he said, in a voice scarcely audible, his eyes downcast, and his hands closed at his sides, "I—I s'pose you all have seen the paper; and—and I think I ought to tell that Paul Kent went into that saloon after *me;* and he wouldn't split; and I didn't know about it till yesterday, when I saw the paper myself."

There was a stunned silence, while Officer

Colby's little speech percolated through a number of puzzled minds: then, having successfully put several twos and twos together, the significance of the entire situation burst upon the squad with dramatic suddenness. It is a fact that the lieutenant made no attempt whatever to preserve discipline. Through the pandemonium that ensued, he is reported to have smiled from his seat of authority like an unusually benign Buddha; and at nine-twenty Sergeant English rounded up the rioters.

"Bah," he remarked to his subordinate, as he sat over his luncheon some hours later. "Don't speak to me of courage!"

"I didn't," replied the sergeant, meekly, a twinkle in his eyes; but Lang was pursuing his own great thoughts; and, to all appearances, seeking wisdom in the depths of his cocoa-cup.

"It's one thing," he continued, "it's one thing to bear pain; and quite another to bear shame. And still another to bear someone else's shame. I'm going to see the Trial Commissioner."

There was fifteen days' back pay sprawlin on Officer Paul Kent's next check, and hi mother wanted to frame it and hang it in th parlor; but Paul objected.

"I'll buy you a diamond stomacher, Ma, he said. "And an electric automobile; an any other little things you care to mentior You'd better let me cash it, hadn't you?"

Mrs. Kent did not answer. She was hidin her face on her son's brass buttons; and Pau wisely forbore disturbing her.

"SOLDIER DARING"

Soldier daring, soldier gay,
  Merry summertime adorning—
Here I see you day by day
  Gallop through the golden morning.
I will take you for my knight:
  See you go my favor wearing—
See you live for my delight,
  Soldier daring!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

THE beginning of their friendship was dramatic. He heard the clatter of hoofs gone mad, and the rattle of broken harness and smashed vehicle; and round the turn where the drive passes the Casino came a foaming black horse and a trap with one wheel almost off.

She was sitting very upright, clinging to the seat with both hands, her long fair hair streaming about her little white face. She didn't cry when he lifted her out; but he was afraid she would cry, for her mouth puckered; so he patted her rather awkwardly on the cheek, and carried her into the restaurant, where she drank the water he gave her without comment, looking at him attentively over the edge of the glass.

"What is your name?" she asked him finally; adding, as encouragement, "Mine's Margaret."

John was his name, he told her; and they

SHE WAS SITTING VERY UPRIGHT, CLINGING TO THE SEAT

became friends at once, for it developed that her father's name was John too. "Everyone calls him Jack," she remarked, shrugging her shoulders. "I don't like it. I shall call you John."

Ten minutes later, Miles, the groom, limped into view, wearing a badly sprained ankle; and matters having been properly adjusted, and various important facts recorded, Margaret departed in a taxicab, waving her hand to her new friend merrily.

Officer Sheridan stood looking at the writing in his note-book, rather dazed. "Margaret Harton," he muttered. "By the Great Horn Spoon!"

"Say, old man," was the observation made at the stables when he rode in that evening with the information that John Harton's only daughter had been rescued from sudden death as above related, "p'raps the old gentleman'll slip you a million or two for the day's work! What?"

John grinned. "I only done my duty," he said, piously.

"S'pose he should, though, John," suggested Tommy Lawrence. "You wouldn't spurn it, would you?"

John stood up, a hand on his chest. "I would say," he replied, dramatically, "just like this, I would say: 'Take back your gold, Sir! For the honor of me country, I will remain a cop!'"

"That's not your heart, kid," remarked Billy McHenry. "It's on the other side, you know."

"Aw, cheese it, Bill," from Tommy, with disgust. "His heart's been dislocated for a year! Say, if you do pry off that million, John, you can get married, can't you?"

John scowled. "Cut it out," he said, briefly. "Mind your own blankety blank business, or I'll spoil your valued beauty, Thomas."

"Well, you needn't fly off the handle," grumbled the other. "I wish you all the luck on earth, I'm sure!"

The next morning, as the squad was lined up for roll-call, a limousine deposited two pas-

sengers at the stable door. Lieutenant Lang rose from behind the desk in some embarrassment as a gray-whiskered, fur-coated gentleman entered, led somewhat forcibly by a golden-haired mite of a child.

"I must apologize for this intrusion, sir," began the visitor courteously; when the little girl, who had been looking the men over eagerly, pulled his arm.

"Daddy, there's John," she whispered; and Mr. Harton turned to meet a pair of wide-apart blue eyes that fell presently, under his keen scrutiny. He watched the color flood the boy's fine face, and spoke to the lieutenant in an undertone.

"Sheridan, step out." John stood confused and awkward, while the formal old gentleman made his little speech; and took the great financier's extended hand, wishing him further.

But there was a soft touch on his arm, and a face like a little wild rose was raised to his. Margaret reached up two small determined arms, and the unhappy policeman was

dragged down and kissed, while a suppressed giggle went down the ranks, and the commander frowned.

Mr. Harton looked at his daughter helplessly. "Margaret," he remonstrated. "You are so very sudden, you know! Really!"

"Now wouldn't that jar you?" Tommy the irrepressible slapped John on the back as they were taking out the horses five minutes later. "You have my sympathy, old chap!" He backed away, cautiously, as he added, "No wedding bells for you!"

Lieutenant Lang heard the ensuing mix-up and immediately took a hand.

"Quit your nonsense," he ordered; and Tommy laughed, as he brought up breathless against the wall. "Get out, now, or I'll knock your heads together!" growled the peacemaker. "Beat it!"

Several days later, John, posing as an equestrian statue on the West Drive, was hailed by the occupant of an approaching car, and Miss Harton's obedient chauffeur came to a stand-still directly under his nose.

"I saw you 'way down there!" she announced, dimpling, as John, his cap off instantly, dismounted by her side.

"Your hair is just like mine," she went on. "I could see it yellow, clear up the road. Daddy calls me 'tow-head.' Do they call you tow-head too?"

"They call me worse than that, Miss Margaret," laughed the man, standing bareheaded still, a vivid figure in the sunshine.

"I have awful nicknames," admitted Margaret, confidentially. "Uncle Harry—that's my poor dear mamma's brother, Uncle Harry is—he calls me 'Trouble'; and he used to call me 'Tramp' when I was little, 'cause my frock was always dirty. I'm never dirty any more," she went on, smoothing her perfectly-gloved hands with a satisfied air, "because I'm seven and a half now. How old are you, John? You're bigger'n my Dad, but not so big as Uncle Harry. Are you very old?"

"I'm twenty-eight," said John, truthfully; and the Frenchwoman chaperoning Miss

Harton turned away, a suspicious curve showing in her cheek.

"Twenty-eight is almost thirty, isn't it? My Aunt Cora's thirty, and she's an old maid. Are you an old maid, John?"

"I'm an old bachelor," grinned John. "What is an old maid, Miss Margaret?"

"A lady who isn't married," replied the child, promptly. "And if you are a man are you an old bachelor?"

"Exactly," nodded John. "Do you think you'd like to be an old maid, Miss Margaret?"

Margaret meditated. "I don't know," she confessed, finally. "Maybe when I grow up I'll marry you. I think you're awful nice," she added, patting him on the shoulder affectionately: "and the next time I see you I'm going to bring some sugar for your horse."

They met quite often after this; and John would always dismount and stand bareheaded while she spoke to him. Sometimes her father was with her, and he smiled at the policeman a little doubtfully.

"WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" SHE ASKED HIM
(See page 105)

"Nothin' doin' in substantial appreciation," commented Billy McHenry, passing John one afternoon, as the Harton limousine whirled by them, Margaret's golden head and little gloved hand at the window. But John was watching the car down the drive. "Aw, forget it," he grunted.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt the old gazabo," Billy retorted, trotting off.

When Margaret was taken suddenly ill, along in the spring, Tommy and Billy regarded it as a judgment of Providence. The papers reported her condition serious, and the daily bulletins were read with interest at the stables. John was openly distressed. "Poor little kid," he muttered. "I feel sorry for her Dad, with all his millions."

When, some weeks later, the child was at last pronounced convalescent, the Park squad was turned upside down one fine morning, by the arrival of a messenger wearing the Harton livery, and bearing a tiny pink envelope addressed to "Officer Sheridan," and con-

taining the following effusion written in pencil apparently with much effort:

"Dere John can you com and see me i am very sick Miss Margaret."

"By gum!" shouted Billy McHenry, when they had coaxed the note from the bewildered John, and passed it around. "By gum, old man, he's goin' to adopt you! Would you rather be a lawyer or a preacher?"

John didn't much relish the proceeding; but, with his hand in the pocket of his coat, where lay a small pink envelope, he obediently rang the bell next afternoon at a certain mansion on the Avenue.

He had donned his best clothes for the occasion, and the dark blue, very like the color of his uniform, set off his blondness to advantage. He stepped over the threshhold, when the door was opened to him, with outward composure, but his heart was beating hard as he waited in the darkened parlor.

It was very strange to him. It was like nothing he had ever seen. The wonderful tapestries, the marbles, the velvety rugs, the shining floors: the big hotels were cheap and tawdry by comparison. He felt it dimly, without understanding. There was something different here; something apart from wealth; something behind the marbles and the tapestries: the something that had made him prefix "Miss" to little Margaret's name.

He was ushered upstairs presently; and there was Margaret in a baby-blue room on a baby-blue couch, looking like a piece of gold and white china. An apparition with cloudy hair and small oval face, duly introduced as "Aunt Cora," set a gilt chair for him, and he arranged himself beside his hostess, feeling most uncomfortable. The "old maid" left the room and John saw the child smiling at him like a fairy out of a picture-book.

"I'm glad you came," she said, caressingly; and reached a porcelain hand to touch John's strong brown fingers. The man's eyes

filled, against his will, with sudden tears, and he bent his head, struggling with himself. But when Aunt Cora returned the two were chattering gayly. John, relieved of the gilt chair, was kneeling on the floor by the couch, and Margaret's head was resting on his arm. The apparition discreetly retired again and left them together undisturbed.

Of what they talked, upon that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, volumes might be written. The little girl was gloriously happy; and John held her, as she had nestled, on his arm, and lost himself in tenderness. They fell silent, as the afternoon wore on and the waning light cast its quieting spell upon them. Margaret lay looking at her hero. "Your hair," she said at last, thoughtfully, "is just like Aunt Cora's new satin dress. Mine is all fuzzy: but yours——" She smoothed it down admiringly—— "Yours is as *slick!*— I love you, John. And oh, you ought to see Aunt Cora in her new dress!"

Mr. Harton opened the door of his daughter's Louis XIV. sitting-room an hour later,

a curious and unobserved spectator, as the heiress to the family millions showered her rare favors on a policeman. He stood watching for some minutes, and a certain tightness in the throat made him gulp and swallow several times. He could not see John's face; but he saw the small pale face of Margaret smiling. All at once she saw him, and condescended to disengage one busy hand to wave at him. "Daddy!" she cried. "Daddy, dear, here's John!"

John got on his feet, startled—almost frightened. Then he felt Harton's hand on his shoulder and looked up.

"John," said the old man, his voice a bit uneven. "John, I almost lost her again."

John walked home across the Park in the gathering darkness, rather bewildered. There was a slip of paper in his hand worth five hundred dollars.

"A little nest-egg," the entirely melted millionaire had said; and John remembered with a rueful chuckle the undignified figure

he had cut, as under kindly questioning, he had yielded up the secret of his life.

"Lord, how the boys will jolly me," he thought, as he folded up the check and put it carefully away. "But someone won't, you can bet!—God bless her soul, I'll go to her this minute!"

And so Margaret became a patron saint.

## BALLAD OF BOOTS AND SPURS

What of the thrill and the throbbing heart?
What of the laugh and the eager eye?
Maiden, maiden, whose pulses start,
What of the tear and the sobbing sigh?
What of the longing when life runs high,
Disciplined, fettered, as pride demurs—
Maiden pride of a maiden shy:
This is the song of Boots and Spurs.

What of the youth and the lithe young grace?
What of the eyes and the strong young hands?
What of the tan and the strong young face?
Soldier and hero, there he stands,
All that desire of youth demands:
Maiden, maiden, whom pride deters,
Yet shall you worship at love's commands—
This is the song of Boots and Spurs.

What of the fight and the fighting-lust?
What of the face that is cruel and cold?
Savage joy of the parry-and-thrust,
Courage desperate, over-bold?

Maiden, what of these things untold?
Maiden, what of the fear that stirs?
Fluttering heart shall the soldier hold:
This is the song of Boots and Spurs.

*L'Envoi*

Soldier, wise in your untamed youth,
Love is the lightest of gossamers:
Ride with your head held high!—in truth,
This is the song of Boots and Spurs.

## "LOVE O' WOMAN"

SERGEANT RAY had married a wife and rented a house somewhere in the wilds of the Bronx.

The wife was a fuzzy-headed atom, with round blue eyes, and a fascinating dimple in her left cheek. She was proud of her feet, and wore absurd little shoes with atrocious heels; and her clothes were fearfully and wonderfully made. She was quite the sort of foolish, cuddlesome creature to insnare a big, strong, sensible man like Sergeant Ray.

The sergeant was tall and lithe; and when he rode through the crowded streets, people turned to look after him. He was not aware that they did; and his unselfconsciousness was his greatest charm.

Maisie—that was the wife's name—did her best to spoil him. She set him on a dizzy pinnacle, and fell down and worshiped. She showed him very plainly that to her he was a God and a Hero; and this is usually poor

policy. But he was proof against it all and remained unspoiled; giving in return for her devotion a chivalrous and generous love and loyalty.

The cottage where they lived was a one-story affair of red brick, with a little white porch in front, and a little green garden at the back. There were five rooms, judiciously arranged; and to Maisie it was all that could be desired.

The sergeant was less enthusiastic. If Maisie was satisfied it was sufficient. All he asked was a good square meal at night, and breakfast ready on time in the morning. The acquisition of a new parlor sofa or table-cover was not of vital importance to him.

"Jack," Maisie would wail, "you aren't the least *bit* interested! You wouldn't care if we *never* had anything!"

Then John would pick her up and kiss her.

"Itsy Bitsy," was his protest, "I adore the ribbon on your hair; and as for those new boots, I swear there was never anything

so heavenly, but a table-cover is so—so stupid! Now, if you wore it around your neck—like this: or over your head—so, or even made an apron of it——" Whereupon Maisie would laugh joyously, and go down town and buy a new dress the next day; for shopping was one of her delights; and having rashly spent five dollars, she would wear her little feet out trying to save five cents. She had heard it said that an extravagant wife was a curse.

When the shopping was finished she would trot over to the Avenue and look for the sergeant. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of a pink and white face under a saucy hat, and lifted his cap gallantly as his wife waved at him from the crowd; but usually Maisie hid behind a lamp-post, or ran down a side-street when he approached; and the busy officer had no idea how often two round eyes devoured him unobserved.

One day it chanced that Maisie arrived in time to see a bit of trouble in which her husband figured prominently. The sergeant was making an arrest and his prisoner ob-

jected. There ensued an engagement in which another policeman took part; an ally of the prisoner added his mite; and altogether, it was ten minutes or more before matters were adjusted, and two undesirable citizens removed in a patrol-wagon.

Maisie went home feeling serious. She greeted the sergeant that night with a certain trepidation, realizing that she had much to learn. The memory of her husband's face and voice as he performed an unpleasant official duty, came upon her with a shock as he stooped to kiss her. He saw the look in her eyes and it checked him.

"Anything wrong, Midget?"

But she shook her head laughing, for this was the John Ray she knew and the terrifying phantoms fled.

A few days later, John came home with news that the truckmen had gone on strike. Maisie looked blank.

"It means extra duty for us," he explained.

"Oh!" The little red mouth pouted.

"And, luck with us, plenty of fighting."

"JACK, YOU'LL BE KILLED, I KNOW YOU WILL!"

She turned pale. "Fighting? Oh, Jack!" She was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Midget! Why, you goosie! Nobody's going to get hurt!"

But she burrowed a towseled head under his arm, and held him round the waist with a grip that took his breath.

"Itsy Bitsy, you're s-squeezing the wind out of me! Let go! Let go, you monkey!"

She lifted an April face. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, ecstatically. "You have the *littlest* waist!"

The next morning, when the sergeant went into the kitchen to kiss his wife good-by, there was no Maisie to be seen. He found her. after five minutes' search, crying her heart out curled up on a trunk in the cellar. He carried her upstairs, and set her down on the kitchen table rather hard.

"Stop that nonsense," he commanded, holding her by the shoulders. "Do you want to ruin your eyes, and make your nose all red and ugly?"

Maisie looked up, trembling. "My nose

*isn't* ugly," she retorted, faintly, rather frightened.

"It will be, if you keep on. What's the matter? Are you crying about the strike?"

"Jack, you'll be killed, I know you will!"

"Oh, goosie-goose!" He pinched her cheek, half vexed, half laughing. "Dry your eyes, you silly! Come, I must be off—— Shall I be cross again? Then kiss me quick! There! Baby-doll!"

"Jack, you'll come home all safe to-night?"

"Midget, love, of course I will!"

"And you won't say I'm silly any more?"

"Not if you behave like a lady. I don't like red noses."

"But it isn't red now, and you think I'm pretty, don't you?"

"You're as pretty as a rose."

"And—and you'll think of me all day, won't you? You'll think of me all day long, Jack?"

"Itsy Bitsy dear, I'll wear you next my heart, and send you kisses by the hundred!

And if you *dare* to cry again, something Perfectly Awful will happen to you!"

Maisie burrowed under his arm. "Tell me what?" she murmured.

"No," said John, solemnly. "It's much too Awful to tell. You be a good girl, and it won't happen."

With all his gallantry and chivalrous devotion, John forgot Maisie that day. A woman likes to believe that her image floats before her lover's eyes perpetually; but it doesn't. He may love her intensely; but turn him loose in "a world of men," and she is shelved. He may cherish her above all things, but he won't break his heart for her. The round of days and nights is too important; he has too much work on hand. When a woman is awakened to these facts, she is not, as a general rule, pleased; but fortunately, most women go through life in blissful ignorance of such things.

Sergeant Ray and Sergeant Smith, of Traffic C, were ordered out at noon with twelve of the huskiest patrolmen available,

A YELLING GANG APPEARED

to take care of a riot which had broken out in the down-town district, and was getting beyond the control of the down-town squad.

There had been trouble, off and on, from early morning; but about eleven o'clock, a yelling gang appeared mysteriously on lower Broadway, and the real excitement began. The mob seemed to have no very definite purpose except to shed blood: anybody's blood would do, but a policeman's was preferred. They succeeded in sending two foot-patrolmen to Bellevue with broken heads; and the mounted men were getting the worst of the encounter, when the detachment from Troop C arrived.

A quarter of an hour ended the battle, and things were running smoothly again, but a trail of broken plate-glass windows marked the progress of the gang, and several policemen were tying up cuts and bruises.

Sergeant Ray left his horse with a messenger-boy, and went into a drug-store, looking rather white. He drained a glass of water

eagerly, put his head down on his arms, and quietly fainted away.

When he came to, Sergeant Smith and three of his men were bending over him, and his head was resting in the lap of an unknown female.

It appeared that he had been shot; and they carried him off in an ambulance despite his protests.

In the little house with the white porch and the green garden, Maisie was crying. She had been crying, off and on, all day. It was almost time now for John to come home; and she knew her nose was red; and he would surely scold her. She was bathing her eyes at the kitchen sink, when someone rapped at the back door. She opened it hurriedly, and admitted Sergeant Smith. The sergeant was a chum of John's, and a frequent visitor, but she was not accustomed to seeing him walk in at dinner-time unaccompanied.

"Wh-where's Jack?" she said.

Sergeant Smith took both her hands in his. "Little girl," he said, gently, "Jack has been hurt in a street-row, and you and I are going now to see him. Get your wraps, and hurry, like a good brave child."

Maisie's face was like a white mask.

"Is he dead?" she asked, slowly.

The sergeant put his arms around her, a sob in his voice.

"No, child, no! Don't look so! He isn't going to die!"

But when she reached her husband's bedside, Maisie felt that he had lied to her. John was dying at that moment.

She knelt down beside him, and held his hand against her heart. "Jack," she whispered, "speak to me!"

There was no response; the chilly hand lay limp in hers. She slipped her arm under his head and turned his face. "Jack," she murmured, close to his ear, "Jack, don't go away from me! You mustn't go, Jack, darling,—Oh, you mustn't go away from me!"

Sergeant Smith took her out of the room presently, and the doctor shook his head as he bent over the unconscious man again. "Precious little chance," he muttered. "The poor baby! Is that dot of a creature really his wife?"

Contrary to all expectations, the patient held his own that night. Toward dawn he seemed to rally somewhat; and when they let Maisie in at seven o'clock he was conscious.

He looked at her vacantly for awhile, as she sat by him, pale and trembling. Then he tried to smile at her; and finally an expression of recognition lit his eyes and he spoke in an odd, far-away voice that frightened the girl more than anything that had gone before.

"Itsy Bitsy! What are we doing here?"

Maisie bent down and kissed him, quivering. "Jack—oh Jack!" she cried. "I was naughty all day long, but I'll never do it again! Please, Jack, dear, do get well!"

"Midget, love——" He was very weak. She broke down, sobbing on his pillow; and

when the doctor came in five minutes later he ordered her out sternly.

She sat all morning in a room across the hall, and Sergeant Smith tramped up and down uneasily, and looked at her from under his brows, stopping now and then to pat her shoulder as the only consolation he could offer.

"Do you think," she said once, lifelessly, "do you think it will do any good to promise? If it will, I'll promise anything."

The sergeant was puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked her. "What are you talkin' about, Maisie?"

But she relapsed into silence and sat staring at the wall.

For several days, John walked the valley of the shadow. Maisie hardly ate nor slept, and haunted the hospital like a forlorn ghost. She was all eyes; and the doctor said to Sergeant Smith one evening, "For God's sake, take that girl home! She gives me the creeps!" He said it roughly enough; but there was a suspicious break in his voice.

John did not die, however. His splendid health, temperance, and a clean life came to the rescue: and a week later he was pronounced out of danger. When Maisie grasped the good news, her joy was as nearly fatal to her husband as the bullet-wound had been; she almost smothered him with kisses. Then she sank down in a heap beside the bed, and held his hand and cried softly to herself.

"Itsy Bitsy,"—the voice was still a little strange—"Itsy Bitsy, mustn't cry."

She looked up. "I know, Jack! I know! You didn't go away; and I've promised, Jack, I've promised——"

"Promised what, Goosie-goose?" He turned toward her, slightly smiling. She hung her head. "I've promised to be good," she whispered. "I'm no goosie. I'm not silly any more, Jack. I'm a woman. I'm a soldier's wife."

## BALLAD OF OUT DOORS

Work to do in the Open Air,
  Under the bend of the Big Blue Sky;
Kiss of the fingers for bothering Care,
  Shrug of the shoulders for Worry—why
This is better, I testify,
  Better than houses and heartache: so
Here we shout till the winds reply,
  For the Great Out Doors and the Life we know!

Who is troubled and who shall wear
  Tears and a drooping head?—O fie!
Off with Sorrow and pale Despair,
  Loose the laughter and choke the sigh:
The world is only a joke, say I—
  A glorious joke and a splendid show:
Lift the cheer and the ringing cry
  For the Great Out Doors and the Life we know!

Who shall falter if Death we dare?
  What does it matter?—We all must die!
Beautiful, gallant, and debonair,
  Darkness will catch us by-and-by—

## THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

Darkness cover us as we lie:
  Lord! We expected it long ago!—
Sing, with your voices merry and high,
  For the Great Out Doors and the Life we know!

### *L'Envoi*

Poet! The Soldier glorify
  In lilting lyrics not too slow,
And a worthy canticle supply
  For the Great Out Doors and the Life we know!

## THE PRIMEVAL PITFALL

OFFICER MORRIS—"Red" Morris of the Park Squad—was chivalrous to a degree, and when he caught a burly young tough annoying a pretty nursemaid one afternoon, he made after him with a suddenness that scared the girl more than the attentions of the tough. She sank limply on a handy bench and shrieked, as the policeman flung himself from his horse and caught the offender by the collar. The man came to his knees with a grunt and blinked stupidly at the slim blue figure with the steel muscles.

Red longed, with a great longing, to "cave in his front elevation" then and there; but wisely refrained. There was a popular objection to clubbing about that time; also a growing idea that a tough should be taken to jail in a limousine and fed on truffles. The high notion of turning the other eye

when one had been blacked, didn't appeal, however, to Red Morris. He did not feel a disposition to get even one eye blacked; so when his present captive attempted a little artistic work in that direction, he snapped his nippers on the fellow's wrist, and got him on his feet in short order.

"Quit that," he advised. "None o' yer blame foolishness! Quit it or you'll get hurt." A twist on the chain was convincing and the man stood sullenly submissive.

It was evident that the nursemaid regarded with equal terror both the avenger and the transgressor of the law. Red suggested that he would like her name and address, and she collapsed. She was French, and, as before stated, pretty. She looked appealingly into Red's eyes and murmured, "*S'il vous plaît, monsieur,*" which puzzled her protector.

"Again, madam?" he requested.

"*S'il vous plaît,*—oh, I done nossing! I done nossing!"

"No, of course not," laughed Red, his eyes

"S'IL VOUS PLAÎT—OH, I DONE NOSSING!"

dancing. "Just tell me the number of your house, like a good girl."

But she began to weep copiously; and Red's brows came together in a perplexed frown. He felt a certain desire to offer his unoccupied arm as support; for her eyelashes were long and black, and her mouth was like a crimson rose in the creamy pallor of her face.

"See here," he said after a moment. "I ain't going to hurt you! Cut out the sob-work."

He was becoming keenly interested in the length of those eyelashes, when, with a jerk, his forgotten prisoner slipped from his grasp, nippers and all, and was gone into the shrubbery like a deer. For a half instant Red stood staring; then he got to his horse, and made after him a second time, uttering remarks entirely unfit for publication. He crashed through the bushes and brought up on the bridle-path, baffled. There was no one in sight, and not a sound broke the afternoon stillness. He searched the shrub-

bery and scanned the stone wall beyond. It was much too high at that point for a man to vault. The fellow had vanished like a puff of smoke—along with property belonging to Officer Morris.

Red turned back, still swearing under his breath. Not for nothing did he wear that vivid, curly thatch under his official cap.

When he reached the drive again, the nurse-girl was gone, and there was nothing to do but swallow his wrath and look dignified, as became a representative of law and order.

He reported the loss of the nippers that evening, and Lieutenant Lang treated him to a withering look.

"Quite on a par with the usual run of your performances," was the commander's comment as Red squirmed uneasily. "How did you manage it?"

A gleam of deviltry leaped into the boy's eyes. "Guess I wasn't strong enough for him, sir," he said, meekly.

"Strong enough for who?" snapped the

lieutenant, testily. "What are you talking about?"

It was a shameless thing, but it was real art. The modest reluctance with which Red allowed bits of harrowing information to be dragged from him, was sufficient to melt a heart of flint. A long scratch on his left cheek (caused by a twig) was the only visible evidence of the fatal struggle; but you can't prove off-hand that a man's back hasn't been painfully, if not seriously injured. Red moved a bit stiffly, and went home looking uplifted, as became a martyr.

It was about a week later that the lieutenant, sitting alone in the big bare room adjoining the stables, which serves at the "Sheepfold" as office and locker-room combined, looked up to greet a brother lieutenant —Johnson of Traffic C,—who had ridden in through the open double doors, and, tossing his reins to a prompt hostler, leaned across the desk and gripped Lang's hand; a delighted grin spreading all over his weather-beaten face.

"Hello," he remarked.

"Hello," returned the other. "What in —thunder—brings you here?"

"Hearty welcome," chuckled Johnson. "Oh, I'm just out calling. Time is no object. Ask me to have a seat."

Lang stretched himself and put his feet up on the desk—his favorite relaxation. "Have the arm-chair, old man," he said. "Joking aside, to what am I indebted for this visit?"

Johnson thrust his hand in his pocket, still grinning. "I think," he observed, "I think I have here something which will interest you." He laid a little heap of glittering metal on the desk. "If I'm not much mistaken, that belongs to one of your men."

Lieutenant Lang picked up the object, looking puzzled; turned it over, and read the number stamped upon it. "Why, it's Red's!" he exclaimed.

Johnson nodded. "So I have been informed," he said.

"Well, where the dev——"

"Last night 'Tough' Kingdon—you know

'Tough,' the heavy-looking chap with the black hair, down on the Avenue—last night he drops in with Rummy McDougal in tow."

Lang's feet came to the floor with a crash. "With which?" he gasped.

"Yes, who but the gentle McDougal. Calm yourself, Billy; he's in solitary, doing very well."

"I'm glad to hear it," grunted the other, replacing his feet on their accustomed perch. "Go on. How about the nippers?"

"Well, when he was searched, they found 'em. Reynolds turned 'em over to me, and Smith said they were Red's, so I thought I'd bring 'em home. Kid get into trouble?"

"I didn't report it," said Lang. "I've been hoping they'd turn up. But that little red-headed fool! Not to recognize Rummy McDougal!"

The visitor stroked his grizzled mustache. "It would be interesting to know——" he hinted. Lang looked inquiring. "I am not aware of the particulars," Johnson explained.

"What is the reason for this weird phenomenon—our favorite Rummy with a policeman's nippers? I am all excitement."

"You have always been excitable," grinned Lang. "Well, you see, old man, it was like this. Red comes in last Friday night without his nippers, and I jump him. Then I dig out, bit by bit, a hair-raising yarn about a Terrible Turk who did him up and got away with his nippers into the bargain. If the youngster hadn't been so unwilling to tell, I'd have set it down as fake, pure and simple. But McDougal! That explains it. You aren't going? Have a cigar."

"No, thanks, Billy. I've an errand in the neighborhood, and there's a lot doing this afternoon. S'long."

Hardly ten minutes after Johnson had left the Sheepfold, Lang heard the sound of a familiar voice, and put his hands over his ears, as Officer Morris dragged a struggling man into his presence.

"Red! Red! Save your breath! Cut it out! What have you got there?"

Red flung his prisoner on the floor and put a foot over the man's wrist as a precaution. He pushed back his cap and wiped his face. "Here's the brute that got away with my nippers, lieutenant," he announced.

Lang leaned back in his chair. "That so?" he said, casually.

"Yes, sir. Gave me trouble this time too; but—here he is."

"Better search him for the nippers," remarked the commander, looking hard at the still panting boy. "I expect he's got 'em on him somewhere."

Red stooped over the prostrate man—in truth his former prisoner—and went through his clothes in no very gentle fashion. "I don't find much of anything, sir." There was disappointment in his tone, as he rose and stood looking down at the flushed, sullen face.

The lieutenant made no comment: but when the squad was dismissed that night he showed his hand. He called Red back, as the last few men trailed out together. He

looked grim. Red looked worried. To be so recalled was not a good sign.

The young man faced his superior, and wriggled under the stare of the hard, contemptuous blue eyes. "Red," said Lang after a moment, "how dare you lie to me?"

Red started; and the lieutenant watched the color leave his face, and saw him bite his lip. He held up the recovered nippers. To his surprise, the alarm in Red's eyes gave place to an expression of perplexity.

"Wh-where did you get them, sir?" he asked, wonderingly.

Lang threw the metal on the desk with a gesture of anger, and half rose from his seat. "Morris," he said, in a tone that made his subordinate quail, "don't go too far!"

Fear and bewilderment chased each other across Red Morris's face. "Lieutenant," he begged, "I think there's some mistake."

His distress was real, and the lieutenant's ready sense of justice checked his anger. He held up the nippers again.

"You won't deny your number, Red?" he

remarked. "Do you care to look for yourself?"

The boy flushed. "It's hardly necessary, sir," he replied. "I can take your word for it."

"I think you can. Well?"

"I don't understand, sir. Where did you get them?"

"They were found on a prisoner arrested last night by Kingdon of Traffic C." The stern blue eyes were searching the depths of Red's consciousness. He made a helpless gesture.

"But, lieutenant," he protested, "the fellow who got away with them was the man I ran in this afternoon!"

"Red Morris," returned his commander, "what a magnificent liar you are!"

The self-control displayed at this point by hot-headed, red-headed Officer Morris, deserves to be chronicled. He looked Lieutenant Lang full in the face for a moment; then dropped his eyes quietly, and said nothing.

The lieutenant frowned, feeling puzzled

himself. That the boy was in some way guilty he had not the slightest doubt. There was a lie somewhere. His bearing at the outset had condemned him.

"Red," he said doubtfully, after a long pause, "if there is a mistake let's correct it. How do you explain Rummy McDougal's possession of your nippers?"

"Rummy McDoug——"

"Exactly. Rummy McDougal, Kingdon's prisoner—the man that did you up so neatly."

"But, lieutenant, I know Rummy McDougal! Why, everyone knows Rummy!"

"So I have always believed. Well?"

"It wasn't Rummy, sir."

"Not Rummy?"

"No, sir. The fellow I"—he faltered, stammering a little—"the fellow I—had the row with was that chap you saw today."

Lieutenant Lang was watching the boy sharply. Not a move or mannerism escaped him. He noticed instantly the momentary hesitation, and the flush that followed; and

that sixth sense we call intuition awakened in him. At times Lieutenant Lang was almost what is termed a "psychic"; under stress this gift had more than once proved valuable. Perhaps it was what the men called "one of Lang's hunches," that saved the life of Jimmy Curtis on a certain memorable winter evening.

But to return to Red.

In half a quarter of a second the lieutenant grasped the situation. Red had been his own undoing: a guilty conscience is a powerful enemy. His confusion made his superior smile ever so slightly.

"I will modify my accusation of you, Red," he said. "You are a liar, but a pretty poor one."

Red's face flamed now to his flaming hair. Like a flash he saw his predicament. He was cornered, and he knew it.

"Well," the lieutenant went on, mercilessly, "your game's up, young man. Tell the truth this time, or there'll be trouble for you. What were the facts about your pris-

oner's escape last week, and how did he get away with these?"

Red winced, as the nippers were held up to view again; then he drew a long breath; and in two minutes more the lieutenant was doubled in a fit of laughter. Red had never seen him laugh so, and under the circumstances, he didn't enjoy the spectacle.

Lang had his laugh out, and leaned back in his chair, watching Officer Morris squirm, and enjoying it all exceedingly. He could not resist the temptation of tormenting his victim a little; and poor Red, not daring a reply, was obliged to suffer in silence, feeling that no hole was small enough to hide him cozily.

"Never mind," said his commander, finally, relenting under a beseeching glance. "You're not the first soldier to be tripped up by a woman, and probably you won't be the last. Oh, Lord, it's certainly funny! But see here," —he pointed a warning finger at the shamefaced boy—"if ever you try any tricks on me again——" The unfinished sentence was

fraught with dire possibilities, and Red hung his head.

"Yes, sir," he murmured.

It developed that Red's prisoner was one "Horny" Nelson, and a member of the famous McDougal gang; so the mysterious transfer of the nippers was explained. Police nippers are dangerous weapons when properly used; and Rummy no doubt recognized their value.

As for Red, he adopted "*Veritas vincit*" as a motto—at least it amounted to that—and forever after crossed his fingers nervously when anything like feminine beauty loomed up on his horizon.

## RHYME OF THE MAN ON THE JOB

When the footman on the corner, or the horseman in the street
Is a cop that's worth the title he is nervy through and through:
In his uniform or out of it, on or off his beat,
There is nothing worth the mentioning a cop can't do!

Did you hear how Jimmy Ryan stopped a runaway last night?
Did you hear how Sergeant Moore was hurt, down on the Avenue?
When it comes to active service or a ripping, rousing fight,
There is nothing worth the effort that a cop can't do!

Did you read about the fire and Bill Bower's bravery?
It was in the morning paper, and they say the story's true:
Give the man in stripes and buttons his opportunity,
And surely there is nothing that a cop can't do!

## THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

Have you heard the tale they're telling of Patrolman
Johnny May?
They say it happened long ago and no one ever knew:
How he saved a half-a-dozen lives in Central Park one
day—
There is nothing wanting courage that a cop can't do!

Jimmy Ryan, Billy Bower, Johnny May, and all the
rest—
There be gentlemen a-plenty in the City's retinue:
Treat him white, and show you trust him, and the Records
will attest
There is nothing, nothing, nothing that a cop can't do!

"Now, then, kid, what y' doin'? Hop up and go home! This is no place to sleep." A blue-coated figure bent over a very small heap of rags in the corner of an area-way and shook the unconscious one.

"Lemme 'lone," whined a small voice. "I ain't doin' no harm." Two tired eyes fixed themselves on the face of the intruder, and their weariness grew slowly to alarm, as their owner shrank against the wall.

"Gee! A cop!"

The cop grinned. "Never mind," he said, reassuringly. "You get up and beat it while the going's good. It's way past supper-time, and you hadn't ought to be here anyhow. What's the matter? I ain't goin' to pinch you—you needn't get scared." He lifted the boy by the arm and set him on his feet. "Run home," he repeated. "You're getting

blue and shivery. You go home and get some grub."

The little "newsie"— he really was very little—hung his head. "Wot's d' good o' goin' home?" He began to sniffle. "Me fadder'll beat me," and he showed his unsold papers to prove the statement. "Wot's d' good o' goin' home?"

Officer Neale Burke, T. C., looked thoughtfully down at his trembling prisoner. "Are you lyin', youngster?" he inquired.

"Honest t' God," was the prompt response.

His captor considered. "Guess you better come with me," he said after a pause: which suggestion, being wrongly interpreted, was the signal for a duck and a dive on the boy's part; and a quick hand caught him neatly by the rear end as he was disappearing up the steps.

"Not this time," the policeman remarked, as he held his prize suspended ignominiously. "Don't be in such a hurry! Didn't you hear me say I wouldn't pinch you? Stop that, or

I'll box your ears!" he added, as the child doubled up and showed his teeth like a bull pup. "You little monkey. I'm not going to hurt you!" He set him down, laughing. "You ain't much bigger'n a pint of peanuts, but you've got lots of nerve," he said, cordially. "See here. Are you very hungry?"

"O Lord," was the reply, in a tone that did not fit the words.

"Don't swear," said the other, gravely. "Be a sport, and brace up like a gentleman, and we'll go grub together. Huh? How does cakes and sausage strike you?"

The boy eyed him suspiciously, edging away. "Aw-w-w-w hell," he remarked.

"No, honest to God," insisted Officer Burke. "Sausages and cakes and syrup. Honest to God."

His companion thrust both hands into his empty pockets and spit derisively between his two front teeth. "How y' goin' t' grub wid no coin?" he scoffed. "Say, I ain't Andrew Carnegie! Don't y' see dem poipers?"

The man looked injured. "I'm invitin'

you," he said, plaintively. "I got paid yesterday."

He was unprepared for what followed; and the sudden clasp about his middle of a pair of wiry little arms, the abrupt onslaught of

a number of pounds of wiry little body, almost knocked him over. "All right," he said, when he had recovered his breath. "You'll do, kid! Come on, we'll go feed; but don't howl about it!"

The progress of the pair across Thirty-second Street was punctuated by much amused comment from good-natured homeward-bound citizens; for the spectacle of a spruce young cop and a very dirty and ragged urchin hob-nobbing merrily was unique.

"Ain't that too cute?" they heard a portly dame observe to her companion, as they neared the Avenue. "And don't that youngster think he's just the biggest thing on earth? Not a bad-looking chap!"

Neale glanced up involuntarily in some embarrassment, for he felt that the last observation did not refer to his companion. The two women passed him giggling, and the boy at his side grinned impishly.

"Wot's yer name?" he asked, presently, his head cocked sideways studying his benefactor as he tried to keep step with the shiny boots.

"Burke," responded the policeman. "What's yours?"

"Aw, me right name's Brady; but dey

calls me 'Chick'"—he pulled his cap off, showing a yellow fluff of hair. "Chick—dat's me name."

Neale smiled down at the brave little figure. "How old are you, Chick?"

"I'm twelve, I am." Chick threw a chest. "I'm twelve pretty soon."

"Twelve?" gasped his new friend incredulously. "You aren't twelve, Chick!"

"Say, didn't I just tell youse I was twelve? I ain't no liar." Chick scowled.

"I beg your pardon," said Neale, hastily. "You're so—so very little, you know. But you're awful strong," he appended. "You're awful strong, Chick."

"Huh!" Chick's tilted nose took on an extra tilt. "Huh! You just bet I am! I don't guess I could lick youse, though," he admitted, graciously. "Ye're turrible strong."

"Well, you see," said Neale, modestly, "I'm bigger. And then I'm a cop, too. Cops have to be strong."

"Sure dey does," agreed Chick, heartily.

"But—'scuse me, Mr. Burke—some cops is turrible brutes!"

Neale's brows went up. "Impossible!" he protested.

"They *is*," declared Chick. "A cop licked me onct, he did!"

Neale hid a smile. "What for?" he asked, with proper gravity.

"Aw, we was swimmin', down t' d' dock, an' a cop come along. We didn't have no clothes on," he explained, squirming, as the painful memories smote him.

Neale coughed. "What happened, Chick?"

"Aw, d' cop took after us." Neale nodded. "An' he got *me*." Neale signified his appreciation of the situation. Chick squirmed again. "Say, he licked me proper, all right all right!"

The vision of an irate policeman (probably a fat one) and a wriggling bit of nude humanity receiving summary chastisement in the good old-fashioned way, was too much for Neale's poise.

Chick's dignity was touched. "It ain't so damn funny," he muttered.

Neale put an arm across the aggressively squared shoulders. "I *beg* pardon, Chick," he said. "Did the other fellows get away? That was a shame!" The offending laugh tapered off into a chuckle.

Chick looked up, miles and miles above him, into the face of Officer Burke. "*Would* y' box me ears?" he murmured. "Would y' lick me—like d' cop done?"

Neale's gravity was superb. "You tried to bite me," he said.

Chick hung his head. "I t'ought youse was goin' t' pinch me," he sulked.

"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't? I ain't no liar," retorted Officer Burke.

The boy glanced up quickly. One grimy paw reached timidly for the hand that rested on his shoulder. "Aw, yer all right," was Chick's verdict.

The rush was over when they reached the Little White Restaurant on West Thirty-fourth Street. Neale steered his protégé to

an inconspicuous corner, and ordered cakes and sausage, meeting the smile of the very superior waitress with baffling serenity. "Oh, look who's here," he heard her say as she passed a group of three other white-aproned damsels. "Girls, ain't he just *too* sweet!"

An extra pitcher of syrup came with Chick's order; and Neale raised a pair of serious eyes to thank the goddess of their fortunes. She was a buxom person with soft pink cheeks; and she showed a set of white teeth in a merry laugh. "Excuse me, officer," she said. "You're like the man that bought the elephant."

Neale's eyes grew interested. "Why?" he asked, unguardedly.

"He had an elephant on his hands," she flung him over her shoulder as she moved away.

He buttered his cakes in silence; and Chick, up to his nose in sausage and syrup, watched him adoringly across the table.

"W'ere d' y' hang out?" he questioned, presently.

"Bronx," responded Neale, briefly, between two mouthfuls.

"Naw—I mean yer post," explained Chick, diving into a cup of cocoa.

"Oh, Forty-second Street—G. C.—all that mess."

"Wot's yer horse's name?" pursued the boy, with increasing interest.

"We call him 'Tacks,'" said Neale, grinning. "I b'lieve his name's 'Yvon,' or some such truck."

Chick's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Yvon!" he cried. "Why,—dat's me own name!" Neale winked solemnly; but he shook his head. "Honest t' God," he said. "Me mudder found it in a book. Yvon wuz a prince er a dook er somethin'."

Neale chuckled. "It's a hot name," he commented.

"Ain't it?" Chick's nose tilted. "She found it in a book. Ma's awful foolish about dooks and things; but she's awful good. Say, Mr. Burke, she ain't much bigger'n me. Y' ought t' see me mudder."

Neale looked at him curiously. "And your father? But maybe you——" He hesitated, with a sudden delicacy. Chick frowned. "Oh, I got a fadder all right," he said. "Oh, he's alive, thank you, yes," he translated Neale's doubtful pause. "Bet he could lick youse!" With an irrepressible family pride. Then his mouth curled. "He keeps in practice," he muttered. "Looky here——"

Neale's brows came together, as the boy pushed back one ragged sleeve. "The beast!" he exclaimed. Chick nodded. Then his eyes twinkled. "Sometimes he gits d' wrong end of d' strap, when he's—when he's —screwed, you know. Sometimes he gits d' wrong end of *me*. Dis time he done both! 'Druther have a cop lick me any day, Mr. Burke! Say," he went on, resting his elbows on the table with a sigh of contentment as the last mouthful of food disappeared. "Say, Mr. Burke, y' ought t' hear me mudder tell about dat dook Yvon. He wuz a pippin! Dey wuz a castle, wid twelve win-

dows; six on d' west an' six on d' east; an' Yvon's brudders an' sisters used t' stand in 'em, so dere wuz no room fer Yvon; and he wuz d' youngest——"

"Thirteen children?" Neale's interest was roused. "Gosh!"

"Yep! An' Yvon wuz d' youngest, so he stood on d' steps."

"Why did they stand in the windows, Chick?" He was watching the animated grimy little face lit with the enthusiasm of the narrative.

"Dere old man wuz lookin' fer 'em every night when he come home. I s'pose"—he sighed a small sigh—"I s'pose he wuz fond of 'em. But he wuz a dook too, you know—Yvon's old man wuz. If yer fadder's a dook, it makes youse a dook too, don't it? Seems like it's catchin'. But if yer fadder's a bricklayer dat don't make youse a bricklayer, does it?"

Neale laughed. "Is your father a bricklayer?"

Chick shrugged. "When he works he is.

But say, Mr. Burke, tain't none of it true 'bout Yvon, y' know: Ma found it in a book. I likes d' stories; but Yvon's a awful fool name fer a boy. Ma says I must be brave like Yvon wuz. Y' just better b'lieve I take care of her, all right all right!"

"Brady," mused Neale. "Is your mother Irish too?"

"Well I guess!" Chick flushed with pride. "She's got d' prettiest eyes y' ever seen, she has!"

"I thought so," murmured Officer Burke. "Fairy tales and chivalry; and a brute of a husband who beats her up. It's a great world." He drew out his watch, frowning. "Past eight, kid. Hadn't we ought to step lively? You got far to go?"

Chick was hitching his papers under his arm. "Naw," he said, slowly. Then Neale remembered the mark under the ragged sleeve. "Chuck it," he advised, pointing to the table. "Leave 'em. P'raps the management can use 'em to cover pantry shelves. You can't sell 'em now." He slipped half a

dollar into the boy's dirty fist. "Give my love to your mother! Good-night!"

Next day Chick made a trade with the disreputable brat who did business near the Grand Central and went by the euphonious title of "Mugsy." Mugsy drove a hard bargain and collected fifteen cents from the eager Chick, on the grounds that Forty-second Street was a better district than Thirty-second. Chick paid up willingly enough, and established himself on a busy corner to watch for a bay horse and a blue rider. Officer Burke, coming on post, was promptly devoured by two round eyes, and looked down from his height as he felt a touch on his knee. Chick saluted, standing at attention; supplying in deportment what he lacked in appearance. Neale returned the salute, and the two grinned at each other.

"Good mornin'," ventured Chick. "Good-mornin', sir."

"Good-morning, Chick," said the policeman, amiably. "What *you* doing here?"

Chick turned red. "Aw, Mugsy an' me

CHICK ASKED ONLY TO BE NEAR HIS IDOL

traded places," he said; and Neale, grasping the situation, did not pursue the subject. He was glad enough to be rid of Mugsy, and the necessity of cuffing Mugsy's impudent little face. Mugsy was a trial to every cop on the beat; but Chick behaved. Chick behaved so passing well that Officer Dan Creely remarked upon it, and inquired was he "training for a saint?" Whereupon Chick made faces at Officer Creely, and ducked under the official arm when attacked. He asked only to be near his idol, and lived through the days in a state of perfect contentment. Like Duke Yvon, he was on hand every morning and every evening, standing at the curb in salute, his grimy little fist touching his ragged cap with military precision. Does not Laboulaye give Yvon flaxen curls? At any rate, Chick Brady was a gallant figure, and in spite of his rags, "Yvon" did not seem to Neale so incongruous a title.

One evening as he was leaving the stables, the sound of pattering feet made him turn, and Chick's face, white in the lamplight,

startled him. The boy caught him round the waist. "Mr. Burke," he began; and stood panting. "Me fadder's crazy drunk!" he cried, when he found breath. "I seen him goin' in jus' now! We lives on down d' street here, y' know; an' I come t' git youse. He's blind drunk, he is, Mr. Burke, an'—an' won't y' come back wid me?"

Neale looked a little bewildered. "Come on," the boy insisted, dragging him by the hand. "If I didn't find youse, I wuz goin' t' tell d' boss"—he indicated Lieutenant Johnson, at the desk in the office, seen dimly through the icy blur on the windows, writing. "Got yer gun? Got yer nippers? He's crazy drunk!"

In a very dismal basement, indeed not far from the stables, was a big drunken man and a terrified small woman. By the time the son of the house arrived with Officer Burke, Mr. Brady had succeeded in breaking most of the furniture, and was then engaged in raging up and down the kitchen, armed with a chair-leg, which in a fine frenzy he waved about

him dramatically. He was a handsome blond brute, with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules; and his torn shirt, open at the neck, showed the fine white skin below the tan and dirt. Neale was conscious of a sickening pang at sight of the magnificent creature wallowing in the pit of his damnation.

The little shrinking figure in the corner with great eyes and long black torrents of hair streaming, shrieked as the uniformed officer stepped across the threshold; and her lord and master wheeled, making toward the new-comer with long strides. There was a struggle; and Neale, greatly hampered by a pair of clinging arms about his knees, was unable to dodge a well-aimed blow from the clair-leg. A crippling pain in the shoulder told him his collar-bone was smashed; and then he saw Mrs. Brady in a helpless heap on the floor, and the valiant Chick sitting on her.

"Ma, yer batty! Now see wot y' done! I'll hold her, Mr. Burke! Can y' git him?"

It was his left arm, fortunately; and presently Brady backed off, cowering, as the mouth of Neale's revolver yawned at him.

"Chick," said the policeman, in a level voice, "stick your head out the window and yell for McCabe."

Disproving the ancient adage, Officer McCabe made a miraculous appearance, accompanied by about one-third of the neighborhood, armed to the teeth; and Mr. Brady, being overpowered and rendered harmless, was soon reduced to a state of meekness contrasting pleasantly with his former violence. Neale was leaning against the wall and wondering why the floor tipped up at the corners, when a pair of tragic eyes held his attention.

"Oh, I didn't mean—Officer, I didn't mean —Oh, Chick, it's killed he is!"

"Git him a drink, Ma," ordered her son sternly. "Y' sure made a mess o' t'ings *dis* trip!"

The emotional Mr. Brady got a rather heavy sentence. Mrs. Brady kissed him goodby, standing on tip-toe and pulling him down

to accomplish the feat; but Chick turned a cold shoulder and escorted his mother from the courtroom in dignified silence. Mr. Brady wept, but justice remained unmoved; and The Island sheltered another visitor.

When a man is on The Island, his sphere of action is necessarily limited, and it is a physical impossibility for him to cast his week's earnings into his wife's lap on Saturday nights; which, you understand, is the correct thing when one is enjoying citizen's rights and holding down a job. Mr. Brady, though his Sabbath Eve contributions were not entirely regular, had supported his wife "in a kind of a way," as that lady said when questioned by the magistrate; and Chick's efforts eked out the family living. But with Chick alone to depend on, Mrs. Brady found the proverbial wolf clawing at the door of the basement on East Thirty-second Street.

Now Chick's mother stood exactly four feet ten inches high; and Chick could encircle her wrist with his thumb and forefinger. The picture she presented at a wash-tub was

charming; but after a week's experience at "working by the day," she was forced to the conclusion that in order to make a success of the thing there must be a new arrangement of days, each consisting of forty-eight hours. She reached this conclusion by a mathematical calculation, because she always disposed of a little less than one-fourth of the work allotted to her. She explained the situation to her son, who expressed his admiration of her logic, and comforted her to the best of his ability.

All of which throws a light on the subsequent conduct of Chick, who was caught red-handed one warm summer evening in the act of abstracting a loaf of bread from a baker's wagon standing before a Lexington Avenue pastry-shop. Poetic justice decreed that it should be the grasp of Officer Neale Burke which restrained him as he was making off with his prize; and Chick dropped at the man's feet sobbing. Neale took the stolen loaf from under the boy's coat, and replaced it in the wagon somewhat the worse for wear.

Then he picked Chick up, tucked him under his arm, and carried him around the corner to a quiet nook on the steps of the Armory at Thirty-third Street.

"Chick," he said, as he set his captive down, "I've a notion to thrash you!" Chick cowered, weeping hopelessly.

"What do you mean by such doings?" demanded Neale, roughly. "Are you broke? Why didn't you come to me? Nice way you treat your friends—I *don't think!*" Chick dug his fists into his eyes and wailed.

"I'm not sorry for you," Neale pursued. "You ought to've known a pal'd help you out. Haven't seen you for weeks—weeks!—Lord, Chick, if your mother knew!"

Chick's sobs increased. Forlorn indeed was the erstwhile gallant Yvon; and Officer Burke resisted an impulse to gather him up and kiss him. He felt that "discipline must be maintained," and therefore he cuffed the erring one soundly. This ceremony over, he marched him back to the pastry-shop, where Chick devoured fried eggs and coffee in large

quantities. The two then repaired to the Brady residence and gave the lady of the house a surprise-party in the shape of hot rolls and butter.

A conference in the locker-room at the stables the following day resulted in the assistance of the Law being again extended to the Bradys in the shape of a piqué cap half-full of bills and silver. Chick's pride was rampant; but remembering Neale's rebuke, he dimly realized that friendship may exclude obligation; and not being a willing parasite, felt that morally he had nothing to reproach himself with. So he and his mother bedewed the gift with tears, and laughed over it, and hugged each other, and had beefsteak for dinner.

The months passed; and in due time the exiled master of the Brady establishment returned. His first act of authority was to beat Chick; and having been long denied this privilege he did the job so thoroughly that his son was sick abed the following day. Mrs. Brady wept over him, lamenting alike the

hour of his birth and that of her own, but Chick laughed.

"Ma, cut it out! Let him ease his mind. He's workin', dat's one comfort. I'll be a' right t'morrer. But if he tries it on youse, like he done dat night"—the little hands clenched—"s'elp me. I'll git him sent up agin!"

"Oh, sonny darlin', I don't care! Sonny darlin', if he gits sent up agin it'll go hard with him, so it will!"

"Ma, yer soft 's mush! He might a killed y' dat night, if it hadn't a been fer d' cop—an' youse a-tryin' yer best t' git d' cop killed! Y' make me tired!" With which reproof Chick turned his face to the wall and slept.

When he appeared on Forty-second Street again, wearing a badly bruised cheek and looking as though he had been drawn through a small-sized knot-hole, Officer Burke rode up to the curb and dismounted, the better to push inquiries. The unprecedented honor so overwhelmed Chick that he almost died of embarrassment on the spot, and it was some

minutes before Neale could extract any information. Having finally learned the particulars, he realized for the first time in his life what the phrase "to see red" means; and if the emotional Mr. Brady had crossed his path at that psychological moment it might have gone hard with him.

Freedom, for the appreciation of which the aforesaid Mr. Brady had recently paid so dear, continued to have an exhilarating effect upon that gentleman. He beat Chick daily with great regularity, for a week or more; but was considerate enough to confine himself to the use of the historic strap, and since the trouble following the application of the chair-leg, omitted that instrument in enforcing family discipline.

The subject under discipline, being at best hardly what might be called husky, grew presently so thin and white, that Neale began to consider measures of relief. The boy never complained; and taking into account the necessary coins which jingled in the lap of Mrs. Brady on Saturday nights, and the

devotion of that worthy woman to the household tyrant, the situation looked complicated. But the solution of the problem was nearer than Neale knew.

About this time Mr. Brady took to calling for his son and escorting him home of an evening; laboring under a delusion that the real color of Chick's earnings was being concealed from him, and adopting the very simple plan of relieving the little bread-winner of the day's proceeds before any of the precious coins were spirited away. His method was primitive. He held the gallant Yvon by one leg and shook him. If the resulting shower did not approach his expectations, Yvon's laments were subsequently heard. Now in the privacy of the basement on East Thirty-second Street, this was all very well; but Mr. Brady's avarice, stimulated by beer, got the better of his judgment, and he gave an exhibition in the open street one night.

As everyone knows, there is a popular prejudice against a large man beating a small child, and this was a very bad move on Mr.

Brady's part. Officer Burke was just going off post, when he saw big Dan Creely, the precinct-man, jam his cap down over his eyes, reach for his stick, and run. He wheeled his horse, and followed, for a crowd on the corner was apparently engaged in stepping on someone. He arrived just in time to see the tangle of humanity heave and burst like a bubble; and a small figure held aloft in a pair of brawny hands was flung violently on the pavement. He jerked up "Tacks," with a cry; but too late. The iron shoe struck; and he went sick and swayed in the saddle. Then he felt a clutch on his arm, and Creely's voice was speaking unintelligibly. He dismounted, shivering. "Dan," he said, "Dan——" But he could not see, because of the darkness that had fallen on him; and big Dan had to manage the mob in the center of which Tim Brady was fighting for his life.

It was "Tough" Kingdon, a brother cavalryman, he afterwards learned, who dragged him into the drug-store; and when

him dramatically. He was a handsome blond brute, with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules; and his torn shirt, open at the neck, showed the fine white skin below the tan and dirt. Neale was conscious of a sickening pang at sight of the magnificent creature wallowing in the pit of his damnation.

The little shrinking figure in the corner with great eyes and long black torrents of hair streaming, shrieked as the uniformed officer stepped across the threshold; and her lord and master wheeled, making toward the new-comer with long strides. There was a struggle; and Neale, greatly hampered by a pair of clinging arms about his knees, was unable to dodge a well-aimed blow from the clair-leg. A crippling pain in the shoulder told him his collar-bone was smashed; and then he saw Mrs. Brady in a helpless heap on the floor, and the valiant Chick sitting on her.

"Ma, yer batty! Now see wot y' done! I'll hold her, Mr. Burke! Can y' git him?"

It was his left arm, fortunately; and presently Brady backed off, cowering, as the mouth of Neale's revolver yawned at him.

"Chick," said the policeman, in a level voice, "stick your head out the window and yell for McCabe."

Disproving the ancient adage, Officer McCabe made a miraculous appearance, accompanied by about one-third of the neighborhood, armed to the teeth; and Mr. Brady, being overpowered and rendered harmless, was soon reduced to a state of meekness contrasting pleasantly with his former violence. Neale was leaning against the wall and wondering why the floor tipped up at the corners, when a pair of tragic eyes held his attention.

"Oh, I didn't mean—Officer, I didn't mean —Oh, Chick, it's killed he is!"

"Git him a drink, Ma," ordered her son sternly. "Y' sure made a mess o' t'ings *dis* trip!"

The emotional Mr. Brady got a rather heavy sentence. Mrs. Brady kissed him good-by, standing on tip-toe and pulling him down

# PAWNS

THE five-o'clock maelstrom at the Circle had begun, and the mounted officer on the east side of Columbus Monument, sitting in stately repose just beyond the reach of the machines and carriages that whizzed by, seemed momentarily in danger of life or limb. Several chauffeurs, passing within an inch of his horse's nose, appeared to delight in the neat grazing of trouble, and grinned back at him as they vanished in the confusion. A messenger-boy, bent double on his wheel, shrilled a whistle and waved a greeting; but the policeman paid no heed. His attention was centered on a serious problem: the supervision of this great stream of traffic: he regarded the thing with a Napoleonic vastness of intellect, and frivolous nonsense was beneath his notice.

He was an impressive young cop, with a pair of perfect shoulders and a Profile.

What could be seen of his hair was so blond as to be silvery; but his skin, probably in some lost time a baby pink, had become,

through exposure to many weathers, burned and browned like an autumn leaf; and when he smiled, which he did occasionally at a skimming acquaintance, his teeth showed a startling line of white. He was altogether a lovely boy: distinctly something one would

turn to look at if one's mind were open to impressions. A small figure swathed in yards of Russian sable, scurrying across the car-tracks, seeing only the back of his head, felt this thrill of interest. Even the square-trimmed line of corn-silk above the white collar was in some odd way exciting; and the breadth of the perfect shoulders brought a sparkle to the eyes under the fur toque.

Officer Kenney, in his exalted position, presently became conscious that he was being stared at; and turned uneasily, just in time to see a broadcloth suit pass him swiftly, and a pair of amazingly big eyes veil themselves hastily under astonishingly long lashes. He looked after the girl, a flush changing his tan to a beautiful brick-red. She stepped ahead of him, and, without waiting either for official signal or for an opening in the traffic, made an attempt to cross the street. The policeman shouted at her, but she did not stop; and suddenly there was a startled cry from the center of things. Horses were thrown upon their haunches, taxi-drivers

jammed down brakes, and a general disturbance ensued; and Kenney, hardly able, in the confusion, to see what had happened, leaped into the mess. He broke into a relieved laugh as a broadcloth suit hopped wildly up and down, and a black suède glove clung to his saddle.

"Oo-oo-eee! Oh, save it, *save* it. Oh, man, man, back up! Oh, Mr. Man, *please* back up!"

Officer Kenney, putting his prehistoric training as a Wild West Rider to account, made an effective and skilful dash, and rescued a Russian sable muff from destruction, amid a chorus of curses. When he had forcibly removed the owner of the muff from the whirlpool, and two suède gloves were clutching the recovered treasure thankfully, he decided to be angry.

"What the—mischief—did you do that for?" he demanded, still holding her by the arm and frowning down at her. The amazing eyes were lifted sweetly. "I—I didn't mean to," she quavered.

"Well, you ought to know better than to cross a street like that! What do you think a traffic-cop is for?"

She veiled the eyes. "Don't scold me, officer," she begged. "You did it *so* beautifully! It was perfectly grand of you." She buried her nose in the uninjured fur. "You see, father gave it to me Christmas, and if anything should happen to it I'd just simply die! And he'd be furious. He thinks I'm a fool anyway, I guess. And it's quite fearfully expensive too. Feel!" She brushed the softness across his face, and he stepped back quickly. His dignity was in jeopardy; so he coughed, and frowned with all the severity he could summon. It is no trick to play Bogey to a growling truckman, but with the ladies, God bless 'em, it is different!

"Your father would be furious if you should drop yourself in the street one of these days," he said, sternly. "And suppose I ran you in? How would that be?"

She looked up at the tanned face and the

blond hair and the perfect shoulders, and indulged in a delighted little shiver. "Oh, how *interesting!*" she exclaimed, much to his disconcertment. "Oh, I think it would be just *grand* to be—pinched! What do they do to you?"

Officer Kenney endeavored to look like a pirate. "Well, we give you the Third Degree," he began; when she made a face at him.

"You scare me awf'ly," she said. "You —you'd scare any woman under sixty!" With which crippling thrust, she dived into the stream of traffic once more and before he could draw breath she was waving at him saucily from the opposite curb.

He felt decidedly sore. He had been made a fool of. What a stupid she must think him! He blushed again, remembering her impudence. A pretty woman could invariably make an idiot of him. Lieutenant Johnson had dubbed him "Officer Easy" upon the occasion of his having been "worked" by a fair thief who serenely plied her trade of

picking pockets under his very nose; and for two whole days it had soured him on womankind. He was a bit ruffled now as he thought of the damsel in the Russian sable, but the incident passed from his mind, and he had almost forgotten the amazing eyes when the lady crossed his path again.

One evening as he rode down Thirty-second Street toward the stables, he was privileged to witness an encounter and debate between a Fourth Avenue surface car, a huge red automobile, and a lumbering furniture truck from Macy's. The truckmen were using Language, the motorman was using gestures, and in the auto sat a very angry and indignant person endeavoring to operate the heavy brakes with a hand the size of a doll's. Officer Kenney, convulsed with internal mirth, and radiant with suppressed excitement, spurred forward, and saluted the occupant of the big machine.

"Madam," he said, with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances. "I arrest you in the name of the Law."

If the lady's sense of humor had been on the alert, the gentle departure of the street car and the furniture truck, and the brightness of the policeman's face would have enlightened her. As it was, a guilty conscience condemned her: she was "run in" for reckless driving; and she burst into tears, and wilted on the steering-wheel in a most pathetic manner.

Kenney dismounted and cranked up for her. "Pull off the track," he commanded. "You're blocking traffic. This way, please."

The thing was done on the inspiration of the moment: the humor of it appealed to him: he anticipated the lady's relief and joy when, within sight of the stables, he would suddenly relent, magnanimously release her, and presently become enshrined in her affections; but he had, as the saying goes, reckoned without his host; and, lifting his triumphant eyes from the bent head and the little brown gauntlets on the wheel, beheld—who but Lieutenant Johnson, riding on the opposite side of the machine. Johnson grinned, and

AS IT WAS, A GUILTY CONSCIENCE CONDEMNED

Officer Kenney's perturbed and telltale glance traveled from the face of his superior to the figure in the car, and back to his superior again.

"What's up?" The lieutenant was briskly cheerful. Kenney bit his lips.

"Reckless driving, sir," he said, reluctantly.

"Hah!" Johnson glared. He helped the trembling maiden from her seat, still glaring; and when Officer Kenney, having seen his mount made comfortable, and hung his saddle on someone else's peg, and forgotten to hang his bridle, entered the office, he found the commander delivering an oration such as might well split the ears of the groundlings. He broke off as Kenney saluted him, and pointed at the woful heap huddled in the corner of the high-backed leather-cushioned bench.

"The prisoner denies the charge," he said, with a terrible glare. Kenney met the prisoner's eyes and his own wavered.

"Well?" Johnson was tapping the desk impatiently.

"I—I'm sorry, sir. I saw the trouble." He looked sorry indeed. Like G. W. he could not tell a lie—considering at the moment truth much safer. Johnson passed a hand over his mouth, coughing.

"H'm. Ever see the lady before, Tom?"

Kenney began to squirm. "Yes, sir," he admitted, meekly. "I—I guess I pretty near saved her life once."

"H'mm!—Miss Douglas, you seem to have been in difficulties ere this. Hah! We cannot permit the law to be disregarded. However . . ." A long silence, while the clock above the fireplace ticked ominously, and he watched his victims. Then Miss Douglas wept aloud.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she sobbed. "Oh, what will father say?"

"H'm. As an acquaintance of your honorable father's, I can tell you with some accuracy what he will say."

She jumped to her feet. "You know father? Oh, lieutenant!—Oh dear, oh *dear,* he'll never let me drive again!"

"I hope not, Miss Douglas—for the safety of the public, and—yourself." He bowed.

"He'll be perfectly furious!" wailed Miss Douglas, wringing her hands. "He *said* I'd get run in some day. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Johnson sat pulling at his mustache. "You do admit the charge, then," he observed. The answer was a torrent of tears, as she sank back on the bench. Kenney moved uneasily where he stood, and looked imploringly at his commander.

"Well," said the latter, after a moment, "it really is a pity. . . . Can you drive, Tom?"

The young man raised a startled face. "Yes, sir," he cried, expectantly. Johnson suppressed a chuckle.

"Run and change your duds," he ordered. "We won't inflict unnecessary publicity on —ahem!—the prisoner." He glared again at the puzzled, frightened girl. "I'm sending your father a note," he explained. "I'll let him settle with you. Officer Kenney"—waving a hand toward the individual mentioned—"will see you home, and deliver it. H'mmm!

Mark how Fate works, Miss Douglas! Had I not been in the saddle to-day, you would not have been in straits now!"

Kenney held down his head under the sudden amusement in his superior's half-closed eyes, and longed to kick himself. The lieutenant dismissed him, chuckling frankly; and in some bewilderment he hurried upstairs to change his clothes.

He was very careful, as they rolled away from the stables a quarter of an hour later, not to break the speed-laws. Miss Douglas sat beside him on the front seat, because she "bounced about so" in the tonneau.

"I suppose you think it's awf'ly funny," she said, viciously, when they were well under way. "I won't get any sympathy from father, either. That lieutenant-man is a sn-ip!"

"It's perfectly grand to be pinched," her companion reminded her. "Johnson's a sport, *I* think, to let you off!"

She sulked. "You're both of you just the snippiest sort of snips," she declared. "I b'lieve

you did it just to scare me—you and your snippy lieutenant. Stop laughing! I hate you!"

Officer Kenney flashed one of his dazzling smiles at her. "I think—I think, as a matter of fact, you and I are in the same boat, Miss Douglas," he said. "It looks as if the joke might be on your humble servant!" He grinned again, reflecting somewhat ruefully on the humor matched against his own; but the real play was yet to be made.

"Don't cry," begged the handsome chauffeur, presently. "You—you ain't hurt any, you know; and it *is* sort of funny!"

She looked at him through her tears. "'Twould've been dreadful if I'd been k-killed by the old truck," she murmured. "I never hit anything before. I came the nearest to being smashed that day——" She stopped, gurgling.

He frowned. "I guess you did!" he said. "Such a business! Afoot or a-horseback, you seem to be right in it! Will the governor be very sore?" She dabbed away her grief

with her gloves, which were rolled into a compact ball. "Ugh! That old letter! He'll say I can't go to the dance to-morrow night. That's the way he does. Oh me! And I was going with Cousin Bert, and he's the *dearest* fellow! If that lieutenant-thing wasn't such a sn-ip!"

"You wouldn't have told," guessed Kenney, glancing sideways at her.

"Told? Tell father?" she flared. "Stupid!"

"I only wondered," he explained, meekly. "You might get back at us. Maybe the old man'll be sore at the P. D."

She sniffed. "The P. D. *forsooth!* He'll say I'm a disgrace to the House of Douglas. That's what he said when the bathing-master had to swim out and get me last summer down at Newport. He said I had no more judgment than a kitten!"

"And yet the lady with no judgment drives a umpty-steen horse-power machine," he murmured. "I don't guess father's very dangerous!"

She melted into another gurgle. "Well, I bothered him nearly to death about it. He said, 'All right, all right—for Something sake, be quiet!' and oh, two awf'ly bad words; and would I leave him in peace? But now he'll never let me drive again! Oh dear!"

They passed the Sherman statue and she fell silent. Presently she sighed hugely. "Only a few blocks more," she lamented. "Oh, *couldn't* you take a teeny bit of time and drive 'round the Park? I'm so scared of father!"

Officer Kenney, being a tender-hearted and amiably disposed youth, obligingly turned into the highway at Seventy-second Street. It was with relief that he reflected upon the time o' day, and the fact that the Park squad would have gone off post. He did not care to be caught playing chauffeur to the "Queen" at his side, for he knew it would go down to the grave with him. Touring through the Park was not, properly speaking, a part of his duty to the fair Miss Douglas.

The fair Miss Douglas, brooding on her

troubles, grew more and more disconsolate as the minutes sped. "I can't keep him driving forever," she thought. "I s'pose I may as well make up my mind. . . ." And just then an idea came to her.

Officer Kenney was probably not familiar with Captain Lovelace's hackneyed lines; but he made a brave attempt to live up to the spirit of them. He told the lovely maiden that it was impossible, quite impossible, to even consider her proposition. The lieutenant had trusted him, and he must deliver the goods. "Why, don't you see?" he argued plaintively. "It wouldn't be fair!"

She pouted—adorably. "I don't care," she said. "I think it's lots worse to make me unhappy, and have father scold, and disappoint Cousin Bert" (Damn Cousin Bert, was her hearer's mental comment), "and I'll never be allowed to drive again—never, never, never! And it will be all your fault!"

This line of reasoning was new to Officer Kenney. He appeared a trifle dazed. Then he tried to explain that he wouldn't hurt her

for the world; but duty was duty. She wept. She jammed the rolled-up gloves into her eyes. She wept again; and Officer Kenney bashfully offered his handkerchief. She snatched it from him, and burst into tempestuous sobs. Altogether, it was a magnificent display of emotion.

"Oh, *very* well," she said at last, stuffing the dampened square of linen hard down in the coat-pocket nearest her. "If you're going to be a horrid, unkind *snip,* you can just go ahead! I'll never speak to you again—never, never, never! And I did like you awf'ly."

They covered a quarter of a mile in silence. The young man's troubled gaze was fastened on the curving road, and his hands gripped the steering-wheel nervously. After a little he screwed his courage up, and turned beseechingly to his companion.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "Honest, I'm awful sorry, Miss Douglas. You wouldn't treat a fellow that way! Say you wouldn't! 'Twasn't me that wrote the note, you know!"

"It'll be your fault if father gets it, won't it?" demanded Miss Douglas.

"But, my dear girl——"

"I'm not your dear girl! Don't you talk like that to me!"

"But, Miss Douglas——"

"Oh, I don't care a snap"—she illustrated with rose-leaf thumb and finger—"about your 'buts'! If you give father that letter, you're a mean sn-ip, and I'll never speak to you again! So there!"

Officer Kenney glanced uneasily at the trim little figure at his side, and the tiny foot in the tiny boot, and the moisture on the absurdly long lashes. He slowed the machine almost unconsciously. Something more disturbing than shame or embarrassment flushed his cheeks. He reached into his right vest-pocket. He handed her the letter. Even so was Cæsar conquered.

Miss Douglas cried out, clasping her treasure to her heart dramatically. "Oh, you dear, sweet boy," she cooed. "You darling! Oh, you sweet, *pretty* boy!"

Kenney was brick-red to the tips of his ears, and she laughed with her face close to his, turning the prize over gloatingly. It was unsealed. The man frowned slightly when she opened it as if the superscription "Hon. J. D. Douglas" were but an optical illusion. She spread the twice-folded sheet on her knee, and read. She read again. She gasped; she laughed; while the paper fluttered in her grasp. The car came to an abrupt halt, and Kenney was leaning toward her. In another instant he had torn letter and envelope rudely from her, and this is what he read, scrawled out across the page in Johnson's bold chirography:

"*My dear young people*:

"When you have thrashed the question of this letter out, and Tom has caved in, perhaps you'd better put for home. Father may be worried. The lady will have had her scare and both of you, I trust, may learn something from this simple lesson. Especially Tom.

"Yours very truly,

"R. M. JOHNSON."

Officer Kenney consumed much time hiding behind posts and dodging around corners

the next day. It was not until evening that he felt the lieutenant's touch on his shoulder, and jumped like an escaped convict. Johnson looked him up and down, laughing.

"Hah!—I'd have wagered my life on you, kid! I knew you'd do it! I could see it coming. Your Waterloo. But you're much too honest to be dishonest. Cut it out! And the lady—was she penetrated?"

Kenney felt very much as if he had been whipped. "I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Johnson held up his hands. "Don't mention it! Oh, don't mention it! Perhaps I should apologize to you, but 'twas all for your good, you know. And very interesting. Eh?" He smiled whimsically at the boy, whose baby-blondness and complete confusion made him at that moment ridiculously lovable. "You may, despite me, come to some bad end, Tom; you may have been predestined to be hung; but right here I'll swear an oath you'll never drown—in woman's tears!"

## RONDEL OF THE YOUNG MAN

His feet are set upon untrodden ways,
The mystery of Hope is in his eyes;
No hand his burning eagerness delays,
And to his passion Fate no thing denies.

To unimagined heights he shall arise;
Unfettered walk the blueness of his days:
His feet are set upon untrodden ways,
The mystery of Hope is in his eyes.

The gallant heart of boyhood naught dismays,
Nor sadness mars what bright youth glorifies:
Gaily he arms him, and his soul arrays,
Steadfast in innocence, in honor wise:
His feet are set upon untrodden ways,
The mystery of Hope is in his eyes!

# THE STRONGER FAITH

## I

CRUELTY to animals is a statutory offense; and it is the duty of a policeman to arrest offenders against any law. Officer Dick Martin of the Central Park cavalry was a tender-hearted sort, and a drunk or a pick-pocket appealed to him as an object of charity; but a driver who wantonly beat a horse found no place in his forgiveness. His very tender-heartedness made him implacable in such a case.

He had seen plenty of things during his three years' service on the Force which had made his blood boil; but he had never before experienced exactly the astonished and breathless indignation that rose in him one afternoon when Miss Edith Norris drove past him in her handsome turnout. He didn't recognize her as Edith Norris; and he didn't care who she was. The horses were checked up beyond

endurance; their mouths were covered with froth and blood; and the lovely girl in the trap was jerking and lashing them savagely. As the terrified animals plunged by, Officer Martin caught a glimpse of waving bronze hair and slim, straight, pliant body; then the stony groom perched behind; and a turn in the road swallowed the atrocity.

He put spurs to his mount, and in another moment the vehicle was at a stand-still, and a pair of angry dark eyes were looking into his. Edith Norris searched him, scorched him from head to foot with those wonderful eyes, and there was supreme defiance in her bearing; yet, had he known it, something cried out in this woman at sight of him.

Dick had the face and figure of a young god; and the thought flashed through her that he rode like Galahad going forth to the quest;

but Galahad surveyed her with unwavering sternness, and a frozen control hardly in keeping with his youth and beauty.

"Madam," he said, "you must consider yourself under arrest."

The girl's cheeks whitened and the angry eyes narrowed. "Indeed? For what?"

Dick pointed to the horses. "Are you blind, madam?" he inquired.

Then her face flamed. "Insolence!" she hissed. "You shall regret this, I promise you!"

"Cruelty to animals, madam, is against the law," returned Dick, unmoved. "Therefore it becomes my great pleasure to arrest you. Kindly drive this way."

"Officer," said Edith Norris—and still she looked him through with those dark eyes—"I will drive when, where, and how I please, and to-morrow there will be one policeman less in Central Park."

Dick met the challenge; and in that instant it was war to the death between them. He bent and grasped the bridle of the near horse.

"In that event," he remarked, "I will at least have something to remember."

What next happened has become history. The exquisite creature under the perfect picture hat rose to her feet, raging. "You will!" she cried. "You will have something to remember!" Dick was not quick enough, and the whip caught him across the cheek. His mount reared, and Miss Norris's team followed suit. For them it was the final straw; they went mad. They were stopped a quarter of a mile down the road by Officer Conway, who left them in charge of a foot-patrolman and went back looking for causes. When he arrived, Dick Martin and an expressionless groom were bending over an unconscious girl stretched on the grass.

"The hell," observed Officer Conway, briefly. "What's the matter with your face?"

Dick pressed his hand against a long throbbing streak. "She has a dandy aim," he said.

The other glanced at the prostrate figure.

"Why, it's Edith Norris," he exclaimed.

Dick started.

"It's Edith Norris," repeated Conway. "Sure as God made little apples! Say, you had no business mixing——". He broke off, looking at the groom.

"He was a witness," suggested Dick.

"You don't say so!" murmured Conway.

Dick shrugged. "Spilt milk," he said. "Did you see those horses?" The two exchanged glances. "You needn't fret about *me*," Conway assured him.

Edith Norris was important. She had Money. Also, her father was Boss Norris. There were other reasons for her importance, but these were the known reasons. Dick was transferred to precinct work on the East Side, and Conway relegated to the wilds of Coney Island.

Lieutenant Lang stood up and pawed the air when this intelligence reached him. It reached him by telephone, and the party at the other end of the wire gasped and hung up the receiver. Half an hour later, Captain Jim

Stanley at the Arsenal was knocking his head against a stone wall, in the hope that the wall would break first.

Captain Stanley was rather a fine sort; big and soldierly, with a clever face and the most delightful manners in the world. He read Shakespeare when he was not studying politics; and when he was doing neither of these things he drove a touring-car above the speed-limit. His superiors watched him, his equals hated him, and his subordinates believed in him. The mounted men of Precinct Thirty-three united in adoring him. He was partial to boots and spurs, and in the hearts of the Park cavalry he divided honors only with Lieutenant Lang. "My little boys," he called the squad; and when he met them on post they saluted him punctiliously, and were covered with pride and confusion if he stopped to speak to them.

A popular superstition existed as to the power of "Captain Jim," who was rather a mystery in the department. He had several times wrought miracles; and no one really

knew how much he knew. He went his way surrounded by politics and Shakespeare, and most things seemed to work together for his good. Stone walls had given way to him many a time, and he argued the particular stone wall he now attacked must have a vulnerable spot.

"You just lie down and keep quiet," he advised Lieutenant Lang; who, sharing the popular belief, departed greatly comforted.

The next day Captain Stanley took a little run about town in his car. Dick Martin saw him turn the corner at Second Avenue and Tenth Street, and stood at salute as his erstwhile commander approached. The captain brought the machine against the curb and smiled at him. "Don't let your spurs rust, Martin," he said.

About a week later a lady called at the Arsenal. She drove up in a trap, looking very lovely, and the doorman backed off respectfully to announce her. Jim Stanley glanced at the square of pasteboard offered

him, and lifted his brows. "Sooner than I expected," he murmured. "Show her in."

He had never realized before how beautiful she was. She offered him a small white-gloved hand. He set an armchair for her, bowing. Apparently he did not see the hand. She bit her lip and sat down, trembling a little. Captain Jim had scored.

It did not take them long to understand each other. Edith Norris was not one to mince matters; and a police-captain can speak plainly when necessity demands.

"You interest yourself keenly in the welfare of two insolent patrolmen," flared the girl at last, stung into anger by his coldness. "Of what importance are they?"

The other smiled—a gentle, suave smile. "A matter of justice, madam," he suggested.

"Since when," she flung him back, "have the police concerned themselves with justice?"

"A hit, a very palpable hit! But you are not dealing just at present with the police—

unfortunately. You are dealing with a policeman. Which alters the situation, madam."

"And if I refuse what you ask, Captain Stanley?"

"It will be unpleasant for you. I confess, Miss Norris, I am tired of seeing your thumbprints in affairs of this sort. You have played with the department long enough." He studied her musingly. "You are a barbarian," he said. "You are a soulless savage. You have no more principle than—than certain other people I could name. Your name, your money, and your beauty have brought you power, which you have used not wisely, but too well. Your name, your money—and your beauty," he repeated, but the woman did not flinch.

"Well, Captain Stanley?"

"Well, that's the point, you know. Shall we bury the secret—you and I——? In the cause of justice?"

"It is a good cause in which to threaten a woman," she answered him.

His face darkened ominously. "It seems a

pity," he retorted sternly, "it seems a pity to destroy a mad dog. Dogs are splendid creatures. But when they go mad they are dangerous. They bite."

She laughed, looking at him through half-closed eyes. "Captain," she said, lightly, "muzzle a mad dog, and give it a chance to recover. Promise me something."

The captain frowned. "Madam," he said, "I will promise you nothing, except on the terms already stated. Let my political pie alone, and you have nothing to fear from me. It is not pleasing to have one's work upset and one's plans frustrated by a woman's temper. Setting aside that matter of justice—which, it seems, makes no appeal to you."

"Not in the least," she snapped.

"It is a bargain, then?" he hinted.

She stood up. "It is a bargain," she repeated, looking at him steadily. "How can I help myself?"

He held the door open ceremoniously. "You cannot help yourself, Miss Norris," he replied. When she had gone, he put on his

hat and went out into the sunshine. He felt as if he were choking.

Martin and Conway were restored to duty in the Park the following day, to the astonishment of all concerned. Lieutenant Lang was puzzled—almost irritated.

"I thought the game was up," he exclaimed. "Is it one of Stanley's miracles, or did The Norris change her mind? What happened? Somebody wake me up." He questioned Captain Stanley on the subject when that gentleman strolled into the Sheepfold several hours later. Stanley shrugged.

"Perhaps the beautiful Miss Norris is not as black as she is painted," he remarked.

Lang glanced at him sharply. "Perhaps," he said, "she's blacker."

## II

The beautiful Miss Norris continued to drive through Central Park in her handsome turnout, and her horses were checked and curbed and abused as formerly. Officer Martin encountered her frequently; and when this

happened, cold chills ran up and down his back. He would go white with anger; but he had orders to keep clear of her, so he only looked unutterable things, and waited.

"Let her alone," Lieutenant Lang had said. "She'll be kicked into eternity one of these days, and we'll dance at her funeral. You can't get a case against her. Let her alone."

If Miss Norris could have had her way, Officer Richard Martin might have fared badly. She passed half a dozen of the men riding to post one afternoon, and singled Dick out with a glance that was like a red-hot rapier.

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy Curtis, as he turned to stare after her. "She acts like a diet of nails was invalid food for her!"

Billy McHenry, who was at Dick's side, chuckled. "She'd string him up and beat him to death if she got a good able-bodied chance," he said. "I'd hate to have her get her claws on me!"

Billy was not altogether right. Edith Nor-

ris might have beaten Dick; but not to death. He began to be afraid of the woman, for he had a fancy that if, as Billy expressed it, she should "get her claws on him," any previous experiences of battle, murder, and sudden destruction would appear trivial.

She spoke to him one day—pulled up her sweating horse and spoke to him. She was alone; the stony groom who usually accompanied her was lacking, and horses don't gossip. Dick whitened, and then flushed, and saluted her, sitting very straight, looking more than ever like a young god.

"Officer Martin," she said—and he puzzled at the strangeness of her eyes—"I regret that my millions cannot buy you as slaves are bought. You would find me a hard mistress."

"I do not doubt it, madam," said Dick.

"You magnificent young brute!" cried Edith Norris, then, as a sudden fury rose to grip her by the throat, "I—hate you!" She was gone, clattering down the drive, and he shuddered.

Captain Jim walked into the stables at the

lunch hour next day, and the young man told him of the incident—not omitting the rude names he had been called. The captain laughed aloud. "Don't let it worry you," he said. "She isn't likely to kidnap you."

"She gives me the horrors," declared Dick. "She's like a snake. Honest to Glory, I'm scared of her!"

Stanley watched the men turn out presently, and they seemed to please him, for he smiled several times. "Lang," he said, as the last pair trotted off, "where did that Dick boy come from?"

"Martin? He's been in the army. Born in Vermont, I believe. Why?"

"I thought perhaps he was raised in a convent," chuckled the captain.

"The Norris" drove her turnout through the Park all winter long, and bloomed and flourished like the green bay tree. Dick got to the point where the sight of her set his teeth on edge; and when Sergeant English commented on her beauty one day, he filed a strenuous objection. This caused a protracted

debate in which most of the squad took part. The majority agreed that she was beautiful, but Conway and Martin held out for the argument that to be beautiful one must have more than mere physical charm. Jimmy Curtis remained neutral and egged on the participants, and the lieutenant sat up behind the desk and listened.

"Well," demanded Red Morris. "What do you call it when a woman is built like a goddess of Victory, with a face that hasn't a fault? I dare you to find a fault!"

"Dick don't like the color of her hair, and he thinks her eyes are too big," said Jimmy. "Can't a fellow have his own notions about Fee-male loveliness?"

Dick was losing his temper. "I don't think a woman who looks like a snake is beautiful," he snapped. "She has no more soul than a steam calliope."

"O you Edith!" caroled Jimmy.

"Dick's afraid of her," put in Billy McHenry. "He's afraid she'll swallow him whole some day, like a boa-constrictor."

"She eats 'em alive!" shouted the irrepressible Officer Curtis; and he and Dick fell over a chair in a confusion of arms and legs. It was something more than a friendly scuffle, for Dick was pretty well exasperated. They were advised by the spectators to "go to it," but the lieutenant, as was his habit in such cases, threw cold water on the proceedings.

"You fellows quit that or I'll break your necks," he remarked, amiably. "You act like a couple of bull pups! I'm ashamed of you. And I'm sick and tired of Edith Norris. Lord, you might think Edith Norris was a vampire! We'll put Dick over on the bridle-path where he won't see her any more, and for—heaven's sake, shut up about it!"

Thus, temporarily, did Hylas elude the Naiad. There were undisturbed weeks on the bridle-path with little to think of, for the weather had not moderated sufficiently to call out the equestrians in any great number, and Officer Martin found time to loaf and invite his soul. But his peace of mind was not to

continue. A slim black figure on a sweating horse crashed through his dreams when these had gone far enough, and Dick decided he was hag-ridden.

He saw her very often after this, but she might have been invisible judging from his demeanor. He adopted the plan of staring straight ahead of him, and passed her like a stone in the road. He trained himself to an expression of blank unconcern, though he was never easy till he had put a respectable distance between her horse's heels and his.

Soon after the adoption of these new tactics he was startled by meeting her face to face at a sharp bend in the road. Whether she too was startled he could not guess, but she dropped her riding-crop and reined in, looking back in an odd expectant way that troubled him. He hesitated; then, being a thoroughbred, he dismounted. He came to her side, saluted, and returned the crop, controlling a violent impulse to strike her with it. Their eyes met, and he shrank instinctively, for he saw that she was animated by the same savage

desire. Only a moment; then to his amazement, she smiled. She smiled, and held his eyes with hers, while a shiver went through him.

"Thank you, officer," she said.

Dick felt as if a precipice had yawned beneath him. He encountered Billy going in that evening, and Billy stared at him curiously.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "You look tired to death."

"I am damn tired," replied Galahad.

Lieutenant Lang's prophecy concerning the finish of the beautiful Miss Norris was all but fulfilled. The horse she rode was a touchy, spirited creature, and under her treatment its temper became uncertain. She had several battles with the animal, and once was almost thrown in sight of Conway, who told the squad about it with frank disgust.

"Of course I got to her in time," he grunted. "There's no dance coming to us yet!"

Dick bit his lips. "Don't talk like that, Dave," he said.

SHE SMILED, AND HELD HIS EYES WITH HERS

Conway's eyes opened. "You haven't suffered a change of heart, have you, Dick?" he questioned.

Dick looked strangely perturbed. "No!" He put his hands before his face a minute. "But don't talk like that! It's ghastly. It's —it's bad enough to feel it; but don't say it, Dave!"

Now on that memorable occasion when it was up to Officer Richard Martin to save the life of the beautiful Miss Norris, he wrestled not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and the rulers of darkness. She flashed by him, white and terrified, gripping the saddle, the reins unbuckled and trailing, and he hesitated. An appreciable moment he hesitated, while the darkness pressed upon him; then the fight was fought, and he was after her.

He never knew just what happened, but he remembered vaguely the frantic, foaming horse, and a futile attempt to reach a bridle that was half a mile away. There was a struggle of some sort, and when the world

righted itself he was holding a limp woman across his saddle, and a black horse was disappearing down the road. It all happened so quickly that he could not realize it was Edith Norris whose weight was hanging on his arm.

He carried her to the grass and laid her down, unfastening her coat and slipping off the close-fitting cap she wore, so that all the gorgeous bronze hair streamed over his hands. The shimmer of it dazzled, almost unnerved him; he felt dizzy and confused. Then he reflected that water was the usual remedy for a fainting woman, and was hurrying off in search of the nearest drinking-fountain, when

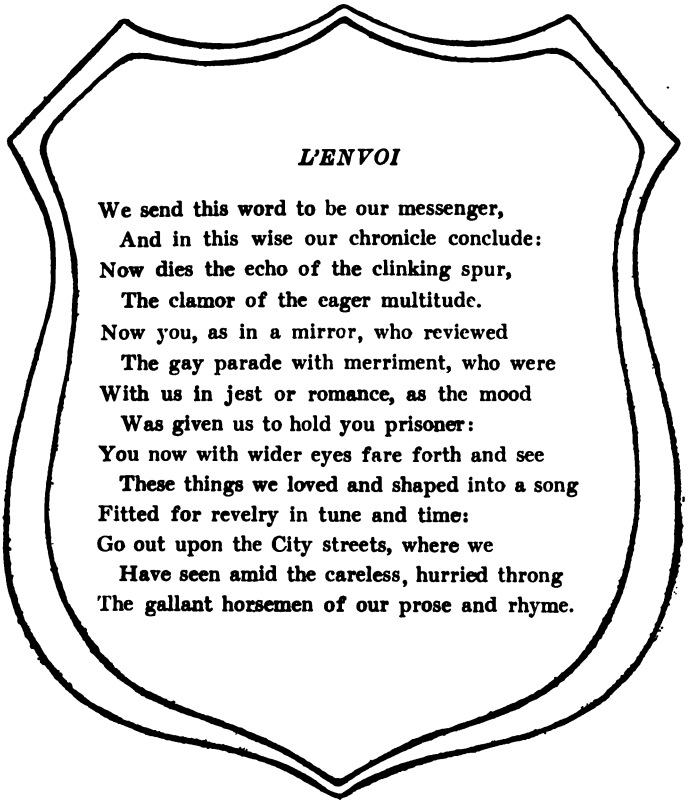
she revived, and stared about her in bewilderment. She cried out, as she saw him, and tried to raise herself. Dick dropped on his knees beside her and flung an arm around her, for he thought she would faint again. But she did not. She looked at him wearily, and there was no cruelty now in the tired eyes. She touched him, trailing her finger-tips caressingly across his mouth and cheek and sighing gently. The color beat like a pulse in the boy's face, and his eyes drooped. He felt her quiver in his arms and cling to him, and the sweat stood on his forehead as he heard her sob.

She drew away, after a little, and got to her feet. She was sorry to behave so foolishly, she told him; she had been shocked and frightened. She would not trouble him further; she would walk home; it would do her good. Dick protested, but she would not listen, and he watched her through the trees, wondering greatly. She reached the drive, and turned, and looked back at him. Then she was gone.

The avalanche of questions which descended on Officer Martin at the Sheepfold was enough to smother a man. Dick opened his mouth, and shut it again, helplessly. Then he answered the last one.

"No," he said. "She wasn't hurt."

But as he said it he knew he lied.



*L'ENVOI*

We send this word to be our messenger,
And in this wise our chronicle conclude:
Now dies the echo of the clinking spur,
The clamor of the eager multitude.
Now you, as in a mirror, who reviewed
The gay parade with merriment, who were
With us in jest or romance, as the mood
Was given us to hold you prisoner:
You now with wider eyes fare forth and see
These things we loved and shaped into a song
Fitted for revelry in tune and time:
Go out upon the City streets, where we
Have seen amid the careless, hurried throng
The gallant horsemen of our prose and rhyme.

THE END